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EFFUSIONS OF LOVE

FROM

CHATELAR

TO

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

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Ireland, William Henry.

EFFUSIONS OF LOVE

FROM

CHATELAR

TO

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM

A GALLIC MANUSCRIPT,

In the Scotch College at Paris.

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONGS, SONNETS, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

To which is added,

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS,

POETRY, AND REMAINS OF THE AMOURS

OF THAT UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

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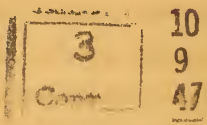

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TO THE READER. 72

It is altogether needless, the Editor conceives, to enter into an elaborate disquisition of the superlative beauty and fascinating accomplishments of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who was (from every account that has been transmitted to us by historians of her own period) so irresistibly seductive, as to inspire with love every object that came within the vortex of her transcendent charms.*

Of the numerous individuals that were sacrificed at the shrine of Mary's beauty, none is more calculated to excite our sympathetic commiseration, than the ill-fated youth, a detail of whose sufferings

* Nothing can possibly convey to us a better idea of the loveliness of Mary, that the exquisite picture of her now preserved, in the possession of the Duke of Dorset, at his mansion at Knowle, in Kent.

form the ground-plan of the present work ; under this impression, the Editor has been induced to give the following pages to the world, fully conscious that he could not have a more weighty plea for the success of the work than his appeal to the commiseration of a British public.

If, therefore, in perusing this translation of the woes of CHATELAR, the reader should be prompted to drop the tributary tear, and partake with the sufferer in those painful and conflicting agonies which form the basis of his pathetic appeal, the labour which the Editor has bestowed on this work will be amply compensated, as the Effusions of the love-sick Chatelar are only addressed to such as can shed the tear of tender sympathy, to the memory of the child of accumulated misfortune, unconquerable but hopeless love, and an untimely grave !

PREFATORY LINES.

It is well known that the Scotch College, at Paris, contains a vast collection of manuscripts relative to the house of Stuart, which would greatly tend to illustrate many very momentous periods of the English history, and in particular the lives of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scotland, and her unfortunate grandson, Charles the First, of martyred memory.

The Editor of the ensuing pages being well aware of this fact, and having for a series of years been a resident at Paris, endeavoured for a considerable time to gain permission, in order to inspect these invaluable documents; but the very unsettled state of political affairs in that capital, and the jarring factions which almost hourly succeeded each other in Paris for the space of five years, wholly prevented the execution of the Editor's plan, which he, however, found means to effect, through the

medium of Monsieur de M——, who was then high in power, but who has since shared the fate of so many of his revolutionary friends—upon a public scaffold.

It might naturally be conjectured, that the then posture of affairs in Paris did not leave the reigning factions much leisure time to think of manuscripts appertaining to the house of Stuart, and such was indeed the Editor's opinion on procuring the permission to inspect them; but in this conjecture he found himself altogether mistaken, his conduct being observed with the utmost scrutiny, by which means he was scarcely permitted to make a single extract, till his frequent attendances at the Scotch College at length wearied his conductor; added to which, the more weighty persuasion of British gold, which the Editor threw into the scale, gained him the preponderance in the conductor's good graces; and by this means he was at full liberty to make such transcripts as appeared to him of an interesting nature or a novel cast.

The manuscripts in question contain abundance of political information, and much private anecdote, particularly in those letters which passed

between Mary, Queen of Scots, and Catharine de Medicis; there are also poetical effusions of the Scottish queen, written in French and Italian, which the Editor intends presenting to the world on a future occasion, should this volume meet the approbation of the public.

The account of the sufferings of CHATELAR are written by himself in the form of fragments, inscribed to Mary, Queen of Scotland, and were, it is said, sent to her by the unfortunate youth during the short confinement which preceded his execution, as appears by one of his effusions at the end of this work.

The original manuscript and poems are written throughout in the Gallic language, which the Editor has endeavoured to put into a modern English dress, as the idiom of the French is so much altered, that a native of France, in the present day, would find it rather difficult to comprehend the meaning of many parts of the diary of Chatelar, as written by himself.

Should the Editor have succeeded in his attempt, so far as to extend to his countrymen a portion of that melancholy pleasure he experienced on the

perusal of the effusions of Chatelar, his utmost wishes will be gratified; and it shall then be his endeavour, to elucidate in a similar manner, many unknown circumstances attending the fate of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotland, which are derived from the same authentic source as the contents of the present volume.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE favourable manner in which the public have received this work, having called for a second impression, a considerable addition has been made to it, with a view to render it still more deserving of the public countenance.—The Historical Fragments, Poetry, and Remains of the Amours of Mary, which are appended to this Edition, will, it is presumed, prove acceptable to those who may be desirous, after perusing the "Effusions of Love," to have a further insight into the history of the lovely, but unfortunate Mary.—And this much may at least be said of them, that as they have been selected with care, fidelity, and impartiality, so the Editor will find his excuse for any defects in his arrangement in the value of his materials.

CHATELAR.

FRAGMENT I.

——WHAT are sublunary considerations to the mind of fire?—What has this world to do with love? All—all is vanity, nothing but the neglected chaff wafted on the rude wings of the northern blast——Avaunt—fly from me power and riches, and give me love, nought else but love.—It shall be my state, my fortune, and I will be proud with it though robed in the garments of worldly wretchedness.——Love knows not want—he has no such inmate as Poverty; if he smiles, he has but one dread foe; if he frowns, he has but one true friend; and both concentrate in the oblivion of death.——But must we die? is there not in love sufficient fire to keep this earthly frame from marble coldness? —Yes; while Mary lives, the soul-invigorating fire of her celestial eyes must keep alive this

frame of mine——But, ah! who am I that dare thus ally myself with heavenly beauty and terrestrial greatness?—What is Chatelar?—No imperial title, no transcendent qualities are mine——Yes! oh yes! I am ennobled; for Chatelar wears within his breast the never-fading insignia of love, and his qualifications are fervency and immutable truth.—Who dares dispute my claim?—Cold world, I hate thee—I soar above thy grovelling trammels, and wing my way amid the expansive regions of glowing fancy.——Mary is a queen, Chatelar is a lover: such is my plea, and who dares dispute the authority of love?—Hear then, bright goddess of my soul, in pity hear me; let me but catch the softened lustre of thine eyes, and Chatelar will dare confess himself; yes!—wrench from his bosom the reeking dart which thou hast planted there, and give his soul full vent.

Why should I speak of time, that had existence ere yet I knew how exquisite it was to love?——Oh Scotland! thou gavest me birth; 'twas here I first inhal'd the breath of life, where now I live in extacy. Nobility of blood I boast not; but proudly may I assert that claim to honour, which is the legacy of a father schooled in virtue and in truth.

Why recapitulate the scenes of boyhood, and the revolutions in my fate?—I became the minion

of the court of France, and secretary of the Marechal D'Anville—Oh! that name!—Yes, even he, my benefactor and my friend, awakens every pang: for he dares look on thee—and looking, dares to love.

'Twas then, enchanting queen! my eyes first gazed upon those charms I since have learned to reverence, with all the fervour of matchless truth. Whene'er I saw you, my pulse beat with an unwonted motion, and the throbbings of my heart spoke to my soul a language it had never known before—my brain became on fire, and ere I knew the term, I knew what constituted love.—To look in speechless rapture on your beaming eye, to mark the symmetry of that angelic form, and contemplate the graceful motion of your step, were then my height of bliss.—Love had not taught me what presumption was, I rather stood the awe-struck victim of his all-puissant will.

You left the court of France—Yes—Mary left it, and with her all the rays of beauty and of grace fled Gallia's shores for ever.—Never shall I forget the hour when the Marechal D'Anville gained your acquiescence with his wish; for that blessed hour made me too the partner of his voyage hither.* We embarked, and the

* The Marechal D'Anville, to whom Chatelar was secretary, though a married man, was passionately enamoured

white surge, as if obedient to the queen of love, retired at her approach——Oh, that night!—fond recollection!—how my entranc'd soul catches at every thought that pictures Mary to my fever'd mind—Yes; that dear enchanting night was spent in bliss unspeakable!—I lay upon my pallet, watchful as the party-coloured lynx, for my mind told me that Mary's form reposed within the cabin which adjoined to mine. The mariner, ever and anon, sung to the breeze a ditty to his love.—I left my couch—Oh sleep! thou wast not there—in vain thy leaden pinions, steeped in second death, lay heavy on the lids of all around me; I was alone invulnerable, nor felt thy potent influence.

I arose—yes; I dared approach the hallowed entrance of thy cabin—my knees trembled, and I sought support:—love's faintness drew its curtain o'er my senses, and I lay ensteeped in bliss

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of Mary Queen of Scots; and when she determined on quitting France for Scotland, he obtained her permission to escort her thither. The Marechal was a nobleman of the most refined manners, very accomplished, and remarkably handsome. Some historians have even thought that Mary suffered him to indulge his headstrong passion too far; but this may have arisen from her predilection in his favour, as she was by no means blind to his shining qualifications.

immortal. I awoke, and on my knees implored sweet slumbers to attend thy couch—I did more; it was the first bold impulse with which love nerved me—I dared to wish that dreams might conjure to thy brain the form of him who burned with extacy.—Perhaps it was illusion, but methought my prayers were heard.

A silence of the grave ensued—I scarcely suffered the feverish breath to pass the portal of my lips.—Again the sailor from above sang to the winds his tale.—A something inexpressible swelled my heart, and though, perhaps, the utterer of those sounds was not so exquisitely framed as me to feel the thrill of love, yet still he seemed to love; and that was in itself sufficient to excite the tenderest sympathy in the bosom of Chatelar.

Quitting my cabin, I ascended to the deck, and hailed the pilot of the night; at my approach he bowed respectfully.

"Friend," said I, "that ditty once again, I "do entreat thee; for it hath charms to lull "me into quiet."

He sang the melancholy strain, which so vibrated on the thrilling chords of my soul, that never have the words escaped me; they ran as follows, and the ditty in responsive sadness breathed what the poet told.—

THE SAILOR'S DITTY.

Tell ye winds, that bleakly blow,
All the damsel's tale of woe;
Tell, thou deadly yawning main,
All the love sick sailor's pain;
Let each plaintive accent prove
Marg'ret's truth and Henry's love.
Myrtles blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

Hush, I hear the hollow wind
Breathe the truth of Marg'ret's mind;
Hark, the dashing waves impart
Henry's fervent, faithful heart:
Winds and waves in union prove
Matchless truth and ardent love.
Myrtles blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

Sailor-youth the main you cross'd,
Oft by raging billows toss'd;
Gentle maid unseen you sigh'd,
Languish'd, pin'd, and love-sick died;

While thy Henry's struggling breath
Bless'd thee in a wat'ry death.

Myrtles blighted,
Loves benighted,
For the willow
Shades their pillow,

Sadly moans the turtle-dove.

The moon in pale majesty rode through the dark ethereous expanse, and the stars in glittering lustre bespangled the firmament around; it seemed, indeed, as if the elements combined to rock the slumbers of bright beauty's queen, and sooth her into sweet forgetfulness.

The last sad note of the seaman's strain faded on the breeze of night, while still entranc'd I wished for more.—There is in music, to the soul of love, a stealing softness, that preying on the senses lulls them into melancholy.—The tear was in my eye; thy name, Oh Mary! trembled on my tongue.

"Friend," said I, "where learnedst thou "that little soothing ditty, and who attuned "thy voice to keep such exquisite harmony; "thy trade is rugged, and ill seasoned to such "notes of tenderness and love?"

"A Norman youth am I," replied the seaman, "and the air is one of those well known

" where I was born. I often sing it at this " drear hour to banish heavy thoughts."

" To banish them ?—thou mean'st to feed thy " sorrows, friend."

The seaman paused: his bonnet hung o'er his brow, but, as if to screen a hidden mystery that might betray itself, he gently drew it more upon his face.—Still was he mute—O Mary ! there is sometimes in silence a language inexpressibly sublime.

" My friend," said I: the seaman heard the sound, and suddenly replied—

" It doth not feed my sorrows, but it sooths " them."

" Then are thy feelings those of the heart."

" They come from thence, if to remember " those we reverence, and her we love, has any " connection with the soul."

The mariner then told his little tale of woe; 'twas liberty he wanted, and to give his heart where it could alone find rest.

Kind, generous protector!—Yes, Mary, it was I that told the Marechal all the sailor's misery.—You commiserated him—yes; Mary deigned to feel for the child of luckless fortune, and D'Anville paid his ransom. I gloried in the deed—for, though Chatelar remained unknown to all as the great instrument of peace to him that needed it, nothing could rob me of the

bliss internal, which applauded me for the deed, and whispered to my soul—Mary too must one day join her praises with the plaudits of my soul, and own that Chatelar was not incapable of love.

FRAGMENT II.

PASSION—Ah! no; it cannot be *passion*: Love is all pure, all refined; it is a mixture of tender pity, noble generosity, and candour open as the face of day, where every thing is given, and nothing! no, nothing! but a heart glowing with the most enthusiastic ardour required. Passion is extinguishable; but love, almighty love, alone constitutes a world of bliss, or probes with scorpion sting that wretch who nourishes by nature this extatic sensation of the soul, and yet suffers it to pine away unregarded.

The northern blast, that nips the ripening blossom of renovating spring, is not so chilly and so piercing cold, as the tormenting ravages of heart-corroding jealousy, which cankering by absence wound beyond the power of time to cure.

I stare with vacancy upon boundless expanse; it is like time illimitable, and is measured only by our hopes——Ah! *Hope,* thou art indeed

but a faint expression, a simple star amid the blaze of noon-tide day, when thou wouldst endeavour to conjure to my fancy the bliss of that reality I pant for—of that heavenly emotion which now consumes my bleeding heart, and flies through the wide expanse of thought, only to be precipitated still deeper in the gulph of misery from the dread assurance of impossibility.

Where am I?—why do I rave?—It is heaven ordains it; I was to be unfortunate.—I tax thee not; sweet, lovely excellence!—No, Mary, 'tis not in thee to inflict a pang so cursed as that I feel—to strike the soul that owns thee mistress of its fate for ever.——Come Reason! come, thou rallier of the scattered senses, poise my unsteady brain, clip the eagle-pinions of my raging fancy, and bind me with thine icy chain to some fixed centre. * * * * * *

* * * * You trod the wished-for shore—yes; Scotland saw its mistress and its queen; you came like the soft zephyr of the spring to plant perfection in this sterile land; and all who saw you wondered, worshipped, and admired the heavenly excellence ingrafted here.

Day still succeeded day, and every coming dawn proved what gave bitter anguish to my soul.——D'Anville thou wast my rival, but thou wast also my noble benefactor.—I never cursed

thee—no; witness for me every minister of light.—I never in the agonizing struggles which my love endured e'er tainted with so foul a stain my love-sick breast.—Nay, why affirm it, Mary? It could not be: for had such baseness marked my mind, love had ne'er found sanctuary in this breast of mine.

Yes; D'Anville loved thee, loves thee still.—How oft at midnight have I heard him vent the sigh, while from my bosom the responsive groans have numbered out the lingering hours. Ah! little thought my noble friend how watchful was his Chatelar.—How often hath he called me to him—looked on me with a vacant stare—shook me by the trembling hand, and moistened it with his tears.——Oh God! the pang of jealousy was then no more; it slept within me harmless as the new-born babe; I pitied the best, the noblest friend and master—yes; tears have mingled fast with his.—I knew the solemn truth, and yet, by Him who rules on high, I did not like a dastard triumph in his miseries.—I knew that D'Anville was another's, being bound by the sacred bond of the Divinity——I knew that he was MARRIED! Oh! had I felt within me a spark of gratified malignity, might I then have been accursed for ever.

"My friend, my Chatelar!" would he exclaim, "from thy slumbers have I aroused thee

"—yes; I have cruelly banished from thine eyes "the charm of sleep which had ensteeped them "—cruelly have I done so; for why shouldst "thou too suffer?—Quit me; go once more to "thy repose, dear youth—forgive; and if thou "canst, forget the peevish temper of thy lord."

I have bathed his hands with my tears—I have fervently blessed him—yes; from my soul have I called down peace to his aid—in vain at intervals has the black demon, jealousy, pictured all my lord's transcendent acquirements—in vain was represented to my brain a fancied smile of more than even glowing approbation, which thou, O Mary! hadst conferred upon my benefactor; pity had then usurped unrivall'd sway, and banished from my soul each grovelling sentiment—yes; it was the struggle of conflicting passions; and though my love was undiminished, my honour and my gratitude were also free from stain.

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* * 'Tis midnight—O my queen! It is the solemn hour when thus I give those raptures vent, which I retrace with agonizing pleasure—yes; for rapture, such as mine, treads on the heel of agony so fast, that both are lost in extacy!

I'll pray—yes, pray; but to whom?—Have I religion? Reason answers in the affirmative;

but my passion will not let me offer praise where contrite prayer is due,—To whom then must I address myself?———To love and Mary.——

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* Oh, matchless power!—Oh, mistress of my heart! thou in whom existence centers—extend thy benignant powers to the most fervent of thy creatures—pour upon my devoted head some pitying ray, to illumine the prospect of and existence rendered by thee dark as Erebus, and cheerless as the cavern of despair.—Let thy invigorating beam infuse into my chaotic soul one bright spark of heavenly comfort, from whence may blaze the unextinguishable flame of requited love——No; it cannot be:—Custom, hateful custom, thou art my bane, and Mary must be lost to Chatelar!—lost to him for ever!——*For ever!*—Oh, horror—inexpressible!—words of death!—Hold, my brain, lest burning madness seize me. * * * * *

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* * * Faint and weak I arise from my pallet—all has been at peace—a torpid chill ran through my burning veins—and I've been wafted to Elysium.—Oh! had I awoke no more! for then the last memorial of my fate had now been registered.—And yet, should I not have lost my queen?—What ideas now flash

upon my intellects!—Death! what art thou?—A dream, a separation from all functions of this world—but, shall we know our friends in heaven—shall we love?—All must be love; therefore my paradise in heaven will be my queen.—For her I'll barter all the bliss futurity may have in store; for in the balance they might counterpoise the very heaven of heavens!——Impiety!—Who calls me impious?—was I not framed the creature of love; and is not love my religion?—yes; all is love with me, and therefore all futurity may have to grant concentrates in my queen.

FRAGMENT III.

WHAT have I now to register, but the hateful names of those who are my deadly enemies?—In all the lustre of Aurora dressed, my queen appeared; all Edinborough seemed illumined with the radiance of her charms—I was alone the gloomy object of sullen melancholy—D'Anville too appeared with more than usual grace, and Mary smiled upon him.——Oh! how the daggers pierced my soul, at every glance bestowed upon my friend;—*Hamilton's* great Earl was also there, array'd in all the pomp of proud nobility, and with him came his youthful son, the Earl of Arran.*—I marked his eye—I saw the rosy hue

* The young Earl of Arran was one of the lovers of Mary; and, from his rank, and the wealth of his father, he aspired to possess her person, and the crown of Scotland; but the ambitious views of the parent, and the love of the young Earl, were alike unsuccessful, although the boldest steps were put in practice to obtain her.

mantle his comely face, as he beheld the form of lovely Mary.—He approached her, and on his knee made reverence to his queen beside his aged sire.—She smiled upon him—yes; raised him with a look of sweet beneficence—I sickened at the sight, and at that instant my fire-flashing eyes fixed on D'Anville.—Oh! if conflicting passions wrung my soul, I had a partner in my sufferings—yes!—the Marechal walked hand-in-hand with Chatelar in misery.—Where was then the distinction of rank and title—D'Anville, the great, the noble D'Anville, was as wretched as the creature whom he styles his slave?—I hailed the convincing auspice—I bowed more awe-struck before this soul-subduer, this almighty love.—A paleness, like the livery of death, o'erspread the features of my friend—black despair and fiery jealousy shot from his eyes by turns; they were the indexes of his soul; they were emanations of the consuming agonies of Chatelar.

Ah! were this but all, a spotless day amid my calendar of woe would have transpired; but more was left behind to wound the heart of D'Anville; more yet remained to torture the wretched Chatelar.

Amid the splendid crowd came the great Earl of Huntley, and with him the paragon of excellence in man: It was his son, the youthful Gor-

don—Heavens! what majesty was in his port; his shape was symmetry, and his countenance manly and open as the face of day.—Upon his knees he came to greet his queen; but as he knelt, such grace was in his motion, that had Apollo's self been there, the god had been a Gordon.

Must I note it down?—accursed moment!—yes; Mary gazed upon him, looked upon young Gordon,* and with such a glance as spoke inter-

* John Gordon, the Earl of Huntley's son, was esteemed the handsomest youth in Scotland; and it is recorded, that he was as accomplished in mind as he was perfect in symmetry of form. He fell passionately in love with Mary, and it is pretty obvious from history, that she was not blind to his perfections. The two families of Huntley and Hamilton were consequently inveterate foes, as the two young heirs to the titles both aspired to ally themselves to the queen by the bond of marriage. The intrigues of the court at length precipitated the unfortunate young Gordon into the most daring actions; and having recourse to arms, he was taken prisoner, when Mary was by compulsion obliged to affix her sign manual to the warrant for his execution; and, that it might appear she had never felt a passion for Gordon, his enemies, who had every ascendancy over the unfortunate Mary, forced her to be personally present at the execution: in order to which, she was stationed at a balcony, commanding a view of the horrid scene. The lovely John Gordon, after protesting his unalterable love, and extolling the beauty of Mary, addressed himself to her from the scaffold, saying, that she was the most lovely but cruel of her sex; when, resigning himself to his fate, the

nal admiration of his beauty; the glow that robed her cheek came and returned with such precipitancy, that all who saw her with the eyes of Chatelar must have confessed her soul was fraught with love—yes; D'Anville confessed it, and his bleeding heart sickened with Chatelar's at the contending agonies which wrung it.

But if Mary loved, Gordon became her lover also; his eyes, each gesture of his countenance, the very motion of his body spoke his soul; 'twas fettered in the rosy chains of love, and illumined with his poignant dart.——Detested rival! unhappy Chatelar, when will thine anguished bosom find repose—when will thine eye-lids close in tranquil sleep?—never, oh! never, never!—peace was ne'er made for Chatelar; sleep hath forsaken him; D'Anville too will rest no more, and Arran's Earl must share with me the bitterness of conflicting jealousy—we are slaves; 'tis Gordon lords it o'er us—he is the chosen son of light, and we must wander in chaotic gloom.—Oh! for Medusa's serpent-locks, the eye of basilisk, or the thunderbolt of Jove, that I might hurl destruction on him:—Revenge lights up my

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executioner severed his head from his body, while Mary, overcome by the poignancy of feelings arising from the struggles of pity and love, fell lifeless into the arms of her attendants, who bore her from the shocking sight.

soul; furies are in my heart; curses are on my tongue; rage is in my soul, and death within my grasp; not all the host of hell is half so terrible as thou, O Gordon! * * * *

* * * Peace, peace, fell furies; down accursed, malign revenge; for not unto thee, Oh Gordon! should be attributed the blame.—Thou didst not mould thyself in manly majesty, or give to every action 'witching grace: —No, no; nature and love conjoined to frame thy matchless symmetry; and beauty hath given thee all it could bestow—yes: for thou hast Mary's heart, and having that, not Paris, with his boasted Helen, was so doubly bless'd; for thou art master of the goddess, not her gift.

Hark! 'twas D'Anville's bitter groan disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour; for Chatelar is not alone condemned.——Gratitude, I thank thee; for thou hast infused a balm within the bitter draught that curdled all within me—yes: the memory of my benefactor's pangs have tranquilized my mind.—D'Anville is unfortunate, and Chatelar owes D'Anville gratitude.—Beneficent emanation of the Divinity! thou comest to my woe-worn heart like dew-drops from on high, that feed the parched-up lily of the field; or, like the melody of that sweet songster of the night, which, wafted on the stilly breeze of spring, affords a melancholy comfort to the mother weep-

ing the loss of her departed babe.—Not unto these alone may'st thou compare heart-thrilling gratitude; for thou art kindred to God, and dwellest with the angelic host.

Still to court peace, and lull my senses for a transitory period, I will invoke my muse; for poetry can sooth the saddened breast, and harmonize the contending feelings; it is the music of the mind, the language of the soul, which played upon, yields, like the silv'ry-corded lute, when touched by Mary's 'witching finger, a harmony divine.

BALLAD

TO MY QUEEN.

Ah! say not winter's winds blow bleak,
Nor tax the snow and drifting rain;
They'll blight the roses of the cheek,
But never give the bosom pain.

Ah! blame not age's icy dart,
For nought so marble-cold can be
As Mary's unrelenting heart,
For she can pity all but me.

Ah! curse not Fortune's wav'ring mind,
For nought so fickle e'er can prove
As she who blights with frown unkind
The child of truth and matchless love.

Oh Arran! thou hast pow'r and state
To cancel ev'ry hope of mine—
Oh Gordon! thou art bless'd by fate
With manly form and port divine.

Yet, though eclips'd by state and pow'r,
Nor these or beauty can controul
Those flames which ev'ry sense devour,
That passion which enslaves my soul.

FRAGMENT IV.

How vain are all the efforts of human reason, when put in competition with the impetuous flood of despair; like a barrier incessantly washed by the torrent, it resists for a time only to fall with more vehemence beneath the overwhelming tide.——I see her; I am for ever in her presence; I live in the beam of her eye; I bask in the sunshine of her beauty—yes; I am for ever in the presence of my adored queen, my august and lovely sovereign.—Oh Gordon! my throbbing heart, my woe-worn countenance, beholds thee with unutterable anguish; thy rank, thy wealth, but more than all, thy form and Mary's affection give thee a claim which the unhappy Chatelar can never aspire to.——But, what are claims? they have no tie upon love; they cannot nip the blossoms of the heart, nor blight its fond pretensions: Chatelar may therefore love, though he is denied e'en hope.—Is it, then, one

dreary blank; am I henceforth to look on life but as one dreary waste, a trackless desert; and is all before me withered and accursed?—My brain cannot withstand the horrid contemplation; my blood feels the quick revulsion, and rushes with tenfold more precipitancy to my heart; and yet, my languishing but sickened fancy struggles to present once more in thought the beauty and enchantment of my lovely queen. ——Ah! what a glance, what a stolen but rapturous gaze I this day bent upon her features!—Yes, I devoured in speechless amazement the soul-subduing charms; I pant but to enjoy, and then expire with rapture.—Her chamber—yes; I passed it; I caught the blissful moment when, absorbed in meditation, she thought herself alone——Ah! that chamber! Where is the rash being who would venture to seek repose within that sanctuary of love and beauty? I would tear him from existence!—yes, I could refine on savage cruelty; the monster should be blotted from the race of men; for who can dare contend with me the rivalship of a scene too mighty even for *my* glowing senses? * * * * * * * * This rosary was the theft of love,—surely 'tis forgiven; I stole the secret moment, and in the absence of my love I made myself possessor of these beads unseen.—Heavenly powers! they were Mary's; her ivory

fingers, with love-thrilling touch, have pressed these little amber studs; her lips! love, love, omniscient love! her lips too have kissed them! Come, come to mine—thus—and thus;—and thus I scent their fragrance, and I suck their sweets! —Oh, balmy essence! nectareous juice! ting'd with the vermil die of those moist rubies, which moving utter dulcet music, and dispense around the violet's rich perfume.——O! mouth more exquisite than fragrant May! more luscious than the busy bee's rich store! thus, then, I taste thee; for nought that thou hast pressed can ever be bereft of sweets.—Mary too has knelt, while pressing this rosary to her lips—sink, then, my obedient knees, and learn, O Chatelar! to offer up thy orison.—But, ah! to what a summit must I rear my humid eyes, ere I can obtain one faint ray of light that may illumine my prayers, and render them as acceptable as Mary's at the Throne of Grace; still will I pray; these beads will surely give me inspiration; for they were an angel's, and mercy is the first, the greatest attribute of Heaven.

FRAGMENT V.

I THOUGHT myself the most accursed of beings; throughout the wide world's expanse I did not imagine there existed one so hapless as Chatelar.——Ah! D'Anville, my friend, my patron, and my benefactor, what are now thy thoughts? Who can picture all thy sum of wretchedness?—They banish * thee, they force thee from the ob-

* The Earl of Hamilton, and the Earl of Huntley, anxious for the success of their respective sons, and witnessing the noble qualifications of the Marechal D'Anville, and the pointed marks of attention manifested towards him by Mary, determined on banishing so formidable a rival; and to effect this, through their interest a very old and obsolete law was put in force, banishing all such as were residents in Scotland, being foreigners by birth; this order of course comprehended the Marechal D'Anville, who was compelled to quit Scotland, leaving his secretary, Chatelar, who was by birth a Scotchman, to forward all his communications to the queen, and by his poetry, and every other means he could devise, preserve his memory fresh in her mind.

ject of thine adoration; awe-struck at thy perfections, the Earls of Hamilton and Huntley drive thee hence unto thy native shore; for thou art a foe too puissant to escape their rancour and their jealousy.—Yes, *Arran* fears thee—nay, even *Gordon*, anxious for more bliss than 'longs to mortal man, envies a smile conferred on any but himself.

Wretched D'Anville, fortunate Chatelar; and yet not so: for I must either wrong the best of friends, or plead his cause against mine own.—— Cruel fate!—What! can I stain my soul with base dishonour? Can Chatelar, school'd in virtue and in truth, descend to vile deception? Can he forget his lord and benefactor?—Never! no, never be it said I stoop'd to such detested meanness.—I will be just—I will be generous; nor wrong the heart that fostered me.—But, ah! how little thinks my friend the task he has imposed; how little knows he the workings of that breast, to which he has confided all the raging madness of his own.

He hath but now retired, I will not say to rest, for he, like Chatelar, forgets the name of sleep; within his trembling hand he grasped the fatal mandate for his banishment—madness was in his eye; death o'erspread his cheek; despair and love marked every gesture——Oh! my heart still bleeds for his distress; and for his quiet I

would barter my peace, my liberty, my life—nay, every thing but love!

D'Anville must quit her—he must tear himself from happiness!—Great God! and what could tear away poor Chatelar?—Nothing!—nothing but his *will;* and yet all are superior in their claims to Chatelar, who in his turn lords it o'er them in love.

D'Anville is noble—yes; he possesses every attribute to claim a queen? but then, he has a wife already.—Oh! had that all-potent spell not bound my lord—even thou, O Gordon, wouldst have wept unheeded, and forlorn.

Proud Arran, riches are thine, and rank and title thou commandest to merit such alliance; and yet the bliss evades thy fervent grasp.

Thou too, O Gordon! hast title, riches, manly beauty, and perfections rare—nay, and preference from the angel thou adorest.—To counterpoise all these, behold poor Chatelar: nor wealth, nor title, nor exquisite endowments, unto him belong—love is his fortune, love his title, and love his only claim to merit Mary's favour. —To the frigid world 'tis poverty; with Chatelar 'tis every thing, if it can but purchase one ray of commiseration from the goddess of his soul.

To-morrow's sun lights D'Anville to his fate; he quits his idol—quits her, perhaps, for ever! while the unregarded Chatelar remains to bask

in the full radiance of Mary's charms—nay, and perhaps the predilection for my lord may prompt her more than ever to indulge my fervent wishes in her presence—yes, I will plead the cause of D'Anville, but the effusions must be those of Chatelar; I will read my love-sick tales as in behalf of him I serve; but if my eyes and faltering tongue betray me, love is to blame, not Chatelar.

Methinks I see expectant Arran glorying in the defeat of D'Anville, and lording it o'er my benefactor's misfortunes.—I could annihilate the monster who felt pleasure at his miseries; for even I—yes, Chatelar, who has most cause for joy at his dismissal, because he has the least expectancy—even he can pity D'Anville.—But ah! fond youth, thy bitter foe remains behind? Arran must still encounter Gordon, and Gordon too must meet a Chatelar. If I must perish, let me nobly meet my fate; let me expire beneath the arm of Gordon, or Gordon yield to mine, for he alone remains to harrow up my frenzied thoughts, and plant within my soul the sting of lasting jealousy.——Corrosive madness! infernal fiend!—What art thou, Jealousy?—Thou mak'st me almost deny the heavenly attributes of love; for thou art its sure attendant, and what can taste more than thee of dire damnation?—Hold, hold, the bitter hath its sweet; the rose

its thorn; the gilded snake its poison and its sting:—What is more sweet, more fragrant, or more 'witching to the sense, than love?—Our cup is mingled, and to our every drop of bliss ensues a sea of woe.—Love is on earth the extacy of pleasure, and jealousy the dire excess of pain: nature ordains that one should counterpoise the other, and he who has the most of love, must feel the more accutely jealousy.

But is it just, that Chatelar should bear the galling anguish without expectancy; that he should pine unheeded and forlorn, even where most he would be unconcealed? Must he be doom'd to witness foe succeeding foe, and live upon his groans, his tears, and jealousy, without the bold confession of his flame?—Perish the thought!—She shall—yes, Mary, my queen, shall know the pangs of Chatelar; for that, and that alone, may yield me victory—yes, for Mary has a soul for tenderness and soft commiseration.—I need it now; the busy fancy reconciles impossibilities, and, as the mariner who feebly grasps the plank surrounded by a sea of deadly horrors, so Chatelar, amid the gloom of blank despair, illumines the fallacious torch of Hope, and wanders in the mazes of gilded fallacy.

Ah! Hope, thou flitting phantom, thou gaudy illusion, thou fond misleader of the wrecked sen-

ses, that fram'st a paradise of airy nothingness, canst thou in pleasing dreams still picture possibility to D'Anville as to me? if so, thou art the veriest cozener of created beings, the *ignis fatuus* of existence; and man should drive thee hence with reason's icy lash, and chain thee in the fathomless depths of everlasting oblivion.

Why am I? wherefore was Chatelar created? to whom are his praises due?—scarce nineteen summers yet have mark'd my pilgrimage of life, and I am doom'd to love, and love in vain.—Oh! that I could drive the demon, melancholy, from me; that fiend, who now sits hovering o'er my soul, affrighting every gleam that might afford me comfort.——No! not even the air-fram'd phantom of my queen can chace the gloom away. —Life is all a blank to me; for reason bids me cease to hope.—Better be warm'd by madness, than chill'd by coward fear; better burn with jealousy, than die the silent fool of black despair—yes!—I see him, he smiles; Gordon, the happy Gordon, mocks my grief, and Mary, cruel Mary, sanctions all—yes! her eyes beam heaven upon him; Gordon is bless'd, and Chatelar accursed for ever.——The blame is kindled in my veins; 'tis the murderous hour of night; furies now prowl; in church-yards beldams sing their incantations; and Chatelar two is the slave of jealousy. * * * * * *

TO THE DEMON, JEALOUSY.

To such as feel the body's pain,
And cry with anguish, I would say—
With joy your agonies sustain;
For I am suff'ring more than they.

To such as feel the weight of care,
And curse the world with bitter tear,
I fain would say—your sorrows bear;
For agony is only here.

If any rail at fortune cross'd,
I'd say, your wealth you may regain;
But all my peace and joy are lost—
My days are woe, my nights are pain.

If death of parent, or of wife,
If loss of infant, or of friend,
Assail the mind; yet still the strife
May wear away—mine hath no end.

Nor malice, or revenge can live,
Like those fell pangs which I endure
For time may teach them to forgive,
But time my woes can never cure.

To say what can surpass all these
And prove *that torture* lives in me,
It is that sting which knows no ease—
The pang of hell-fraught Jealousy.

FRAGMENT VI.

CHATELAR, thou hast drained the sluices of thine eyes, and not a tear remains to commiserate thine own distress.—For D'Anville thou hast wept; for him whose friendship fostered thee, and whose rank protected thee; for him who bids these shores adieu for ever, hast thou rendered the flood of agonizing woe.

This morn he took a solemn, sad farewell of lovely Mary; upon her beauteous hand he left the parting kiss, and with it fell a pearly tear, that sparkled like the May-morn gem upon the lily's spotless bosom.—Heavens! what sadness mantled Mary's brow; what pale dejection clad the features of my lord.—He look'd, as did our first parent, Adam, when at the portals of the paradise he'd forfeited; he gazed upon the sterile expanse that surrounded him, a monumental effigy of fix'd despair.

The Marechal in silence left the queen; he strove to speak, but utterance was denied him;

yet, ah! what language was there in his manly eye, which, to the last, bent languishingly on the queen.——Can it be!—yes!—Chatelar confesses, that pity stifled envy in his breast; he felt not for himself, but for D'Anville.

Supported on my arm, my wretched lord, with an unsteady step and downcast look, bent his course towards his chamber.—Still was he speechless, and still within his hand he clasped mine own; he fixed his gaze upon me, and, after venting forth a struggling groan, he thus bespoke me:—

"Dear youth, my friend, my Chatelar, would "that I might exchange with thee the bliss of "still remaining here, and sighing out existence "'fore the queen of love.—Thou know'st my "soul—but, ah! tho know'st not all the pangs "which it endures, my Chatelar.—To thee must "I commit my fate; plead for me, my friend; "and, if in language is to be conjured up, expres-"sion bold enough to picture all my anguish, "then let that language be my friend's.—Speak "of my love, my grief, my madness, and my "jealousy.——Oh! detested bondage that en-"slaves me—accursed tie which has for ever "link'd me to another!—Had I not worn those "fetters, Mary, perchance, might have been mine, "and I for ever blessed with love and inexpres-"sive extacy."

D'Anville arose, he threw his arms around me, and manly tears flowed fast upon me; mine too kept them company, and every blessing of gratitude rush'd impetuously upon my soul.

"Farewell, farewell, my Chatelar!" D'Anville exclaimed; "thy friend commits his heart "to thee—Adieu, and Heaven for ever guard "thee."

The Marechal rush'd from the chamber, his attendants awaited below their lord's approach; I uttered a sad farewell to him I reverence, but my streaming tears forbad my attendance on him.——From yonder casement, through which the moon now throws its steady ray, I saw the miserable D'Anville vault his steed; first towards the lattice of Queen Mary's room he turned his glist'ning eye—he saw not the object which he sought; towards poor Chatelar his gaze then turned; he placed his hand upon his heart, then reared it towards heaven:—'twas the signal of his love, and unto me a lesson of fidelity.—Again towards the queen of love he turned his wistful look—he beheld her; D'Anville gazed upon the bright star of day; taking his bonnet from his brow, he waved it thrice in air, and wafting, as love's mesenger, one parting sigh, he quickly disappeared.

Thus parted D'Anville from the heavenly maid, and thus is Chatelar by friendship bound to plead

his cause—yes; now shall I be permitted to attend the source of all my extacy and all my pain; in private I shall view her, and feed upon her rapturous charms; sing ditties to her listening ear, and speak the language of my breast without controul.——Dares Chatelar require more joy; should I not for ever bless that fate which gives to me what it denies D'Anville; which even will allow the presence of Chatelar, when favoured Gordon's self is not permitted to approach?—'Tis too much—heaven opens to my panting brain—I live, I bask in love!—Can the warm poet's fancy picture to my senses such elysium as I feel?—Where is such light as Mary's eyes dispense? where is the fragrance of her breath—the music of her voice—the symmetry of her form—the graceful motion of each limb—and that enchanting smile that plays around her roseate lip?—To live within the vortex of all these, surpasses what my sick'ning soul could hope for.—A rhapsody of joy entrances me—I am not of this earth; 'tis not in this sublunary state to feel as I do! * * * * * *

* * * * I faint——'tis rapture——Mary!——My queen!——My love—my love——

AIR.

TRISTE AMOUR.*

Une reine est maitresse de mon cœur ;
Elle reigne part tout,
Car ses beaux yeux,
Sont les deux sceptres de l'amour ;
Et quand vers moi ils tournent leurs brillantes flammes,
Le feu d'amour s'empare de tout mon ame.

Heureux si j'etois souverain,
De tout le ciel
Peut etre elle,
Ne voudras pas que j'aime en vain ;
Mais comme je suis en silence je soupire
J'ose bien aimer, mais je n'ose pas le dire.

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* The annexed French ballad is conjectured to be that alluded to by Chatelar in the ensuing fragment ; and it appears, that this effusion was the first written by the unfortunate youth after the departure of his patron, the Marechal D'Anville, from the court of Scotland. It is certainly expressive of the most fervent love and adoration, and the conclusive couplet is peculiarly applicable to the hopeless situation of the unfortunate writer. The editor has given this little composition as a specimen of the original productions of Chatelar, to which he has subjoined his translation ;

AIR.

TRANSLATION.

A QUEEN is mistress of my soul ;
I idolize
Her brilliant eyes,
Love's sceptres which all hearts controul ;
And when tow'rd me their ardent fires they turn,
Love's flames within my breast more furious burn.

Were I but sov'reign of the sky,
Her love might be
Conferr'd on me,
And I unheeded should not sigh ;
But as I am, in silence I must feel
Love's sacred flame, and yet that flame conceal.

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and from this specimen he conceives, it will appear obvious how far inferior his attempts at imitation are to the original productions in the French language.

FRAGMENT VII.

A DAY of uninterrupted bliss has now transpired.—Oh! let me chronicle the welcome truth, and chequer with the renovating smile of love one page of that great book which has hitherto been sullied by bitter misfortune.

This morn a summons called me to my queen: Mary deigned to invite poor Chatelar, who, on the wings of timid hope, expectancy and love, obeyed the welcome mandate. As I entered, a single female attendant waited her commands, when, scarcely had my trembling knee paid her the homage due, ere Mary dismissed her. Upon the left-hand rested the lovely cheek of my goddess, her taper fingers being partly concealed by the profusion of auburn hair that flowed in wavy tresses upon her milk-hue'd bosom; her right-arm in graceful negligence rested upon the flowing drapery of sable velvet wherewith she was arrayed; it looked like Parian marble embossed

on jet, while her hand, on which were visible the faintest streaks of azure hue, held the divine effusions of Petrarch to his Laura well beloved. From beneath her robe stole forth her little foot, and, to heighten still more the blissful enchantment, her exquisitely formed ancle was just observable, speaking the perfect symmetry that reigned above.—She gazed upon me—yes, she looked with kindness on Chatelar, while her moistened lips just moved the order for my quitting the prostrate position I had assumed, when thus my queen continued:

" Chatelar, thou art the highly-favoured of the " Marechal D'Anville; he hath spoken much of " thy deserts, and prayed me to look kindly on " thee. He hath also made known thy love of " poetry and music, and, to sooth the hour of " sweet retirement, have I therefore summoned " thee into my presence.—Take then the lute, " and to the melody of some plaintive air attune " its dulcit chords, to kill the sadness of my " soul."

I bowed obedience; exquisite moment! which enabled me to breathe my love-sick pain.—I took the lute—my voice was softened into more than mortal thrill—my trembling fingers scarcely touched the strings.—I sung the melancholy ditty, *Triste Amour*——Yes! even Mary was surprised; such mighty power had Love within me,

that he commanded admiration from my queen. This little effusion of my brain gave satisfaction to the goddess of my soul, and she continued immovable, save when her hand was raised to wipe away a glistening tear, that rendered her azure eye more 'witchingly enchanting.—I know not what was in my voice, but every gesture must have spoke the language of my breast; my soul o'erflowed with keen delight; and with quick palpitation my fluttering heart made the response to every swell of Mary's lovely bosom.—I ceased; and as the cadence died away, a sigh from my o'ercharged bosom eased the acuteness of my bliss, which almost stifled utterance.

A pause ensued; my queen seemed lost in meditation, while I devoured in speechless rapture the world of bliss before me.—Raising her eyes, at length she fixed them on my countenance, saying, in a melting tone of voice—

"The Marechal has not o'er-rated thy abili-
"ties, Chatelar, and I shall become a constant
"intruder on thy kind condescension; say, were
"those lines the effusions of thy pen, which did
"but now accompany the air thou sangst?"

Yes; Mary deigned to ask the question—nay more, she hath required of me a transcript of my ditty, as token of her approbation.—Who can be more favoured than Chatelar? Can there be showered on mortal man a greater blessing?

Again she bade me strike the lute, and at that moment the volume of Petrarch fell from her hand; I sprang forward to rise it from the ground, my royal mistress too had bent her lovely form towards it—I seized the precious volume which had been rendered inestimable by her touch, and, turning hastily, presented it upon my knee——But, at that instant—Oh! heavenly sight!—Yes! Mary's reclining posture gave to my eyes the swelling riches of her neck and bosom.—A momentary annihilation seized me: every pulse was immovable; the current of my blood was stopped, and my fainting heart forgot its wonted palpitation.——God! what a sight! they swell'd like snowy orbs crowned with two blushing rose-buds of the fragrant spring.

"No, Chatelar," breath'd my goddess, with a smile, "Petrarch shall be thine:"—Mary presented me the volume; I bowed, and, as I hid it in my bosom, my heart just palpitating whispered—

"Oh! let me then live for love and Laura."

I raised the lute; my senses were scattered; all recollection wandered in the mazes of forgetfulness;—my fingers too forgot their wonted motion; I was annihilated to every sensation but rapturous love.—It must have been perceptible; Mary could not but witness all the conflict of my mind.——Generous, gentle creature; she

did not frown at my distress, nor did her tongue repeat the wish of hearing me.

My recollection again returned; 'twas gratitude then swelled my soul to tears; benignity was in Mary's eye.—Almighty love can only tell what passed within my heart; heaven can alone unfold what must have struck the soul of my adored, on witnessing my agitation. I would have offered an excuse—the words were on my lips, but they refused to utter aught but truth, and truth would have been *love*. I struck the string, and in the extacy that entranced my soul, thus gave to sound the momentary bliss which had enraptured me.—

BALLAD.

Ah! cruel love, why rove unseen?
In myrtle fetters bind the queen,
Who shuns a humble youth;
On wanton pinions send thy dart,
Fresh purpled from my bleeding heart,
And wing'd with matchless truth.

So should I reign o'er ev'ry charm,
Nor feel dread Jealousy's alarm,
But taste of joys above.
I ask not wealth, or to be great,
With her I'd scorn the frowns of Fate,
And only live for love.

I dared not rise mine eyes, fearful of meeting the glance of her I loved; methought I had been too presumptuous, and my blood turned icy cold, till Mary's sweet words infused reanimation.—

"The voice that yields such melody," said my queen, "must be as capable of reading as of "harmony; take, then, these manuscripts of "Ronsard, * and let me listen to his verse." As she spoke she gave into my hand the volume which contained the pleasing strains: I read, and at each pause my ear was greeted with some kind word of praise for my endeavour.——Here let me pause awhile; the day of bliss I passed defies the aid of language; there is no tongue, no unison of sounds so sweet, as can convey the harmony of the love-entranced soul.——Sweetest of poets! Petrarch revered, now rendered even more divine by the gentle giver's touch;

* The French poet, *Ronsard*, lived in the time of Mary Queen of Scots, and was very popular in his native country. He flourished under *Charles the Ninth*, then King of France, and the Editor, therefore, conjectures that the accomplished Mary, anxious to become possessed of the effusions of a living genius, (with whose writings the French court were conversant) must have made application to Ronsard, from whom she received the manuscripts here alluded to. There are old editions of the works of Ronsard still extant in the French language.

come to my soul, and let me feast upon the magic music of thy heavenly numbers, till the soft soother of the senses lulls my soul to rest with dreams of bliss and Mary.—Come too, sweet rosary, and rest thee on my heart, for poesy shall be my prayer, since my divinity is love.

To-morrow, in robed majesty, my queen receives the titled subjects of her realm—yes, in state I shall behold her, and think with smiles of joy on all the happiness of this bless'd day, while *Arran,* and aspiring *Gordon* too, can only sigh their fond desires in cold respect and awe-struck admiration.———Triumphant thought! more grateful to my senses than sweetest music to the sadden'd soul, or soothing sleep to glare-eyed watchful madness.——Peace rocks my soul; all heaven is in my mind; rapture swells my breast; blessings are on my tongue; while dimpled love with glowing arrow paints the form of Mary on my bleeding heart.

FRAGMENT VIII.

It has transpired—the day of grandeur now is closed, and Chatelar is left to give his feelings unrestrained vent.——Amid this morning's pageantry how pensive was my soul; my youthful mind, dead to the feelings which should mark my age, felt not even one solitary desire to mingle with the gaudy throng: enfolded in the arms of love I stood, nor deigned to cast a thought on sublunary greatness.

The goddess of my adoration, decked in sublimest majesty, commanded admiration from the noble throng: *Arran* and *Gordon* strove for mastery, but her smiles were diffused on all alike, and neither seemed to gain pre-eminence.—As when the beaming eye of day casts all around its noontide lustre, reanimating every plant with the same fostering and invigorating ray, so did my queen dispense around the soften'd lustre of her azure eyes to gladden each observer.

Arran desponding, from the presence of his queen retired, and Gordon's brow, o'ershadowed by the gloom of pensive melancholy, gave signal token of the anguish that preyed within his soul. Chatelar, the seemingly despised, neglected Chatelar, was alone at peace, and feasted mentally on hope and love.

To-morrow I shall see the lovely Mary—yes, to-morrow, freed from restraint and courtly majesty, my queen will deign to look upon me; her ears will listen to my fervent love:—Oh! would that she devined, and cherished in her breast, the truth which this fond soul avows.——Hope gilds my fancy, and I breathe again.—But, ah! what do my warm desires infuse?—what is it I wish for?—To languish in the arms of her I love—to die on Mary's bosom!——Heavens! what new ideas now flash upon my brain—that volume of thy love, Petrarch,* should instruct me how to

* Francis Petrarch was a native of Arezzo, in Italy, and was born in 1304. He was a refined scholar, and the most classical poet of his time. Being at Avignon, he there first beheld the beautiful Laura, a married lady of that city, in whose praise so many of his effusions were composed; but so romantic was the passion of Petrarch, and so fervent his love, that, it is said, he was in her company but once during the period of twenty years, contenting himself with beholding her in the streets of the city,

feel supremely happy.—Thou hadst not even hope; thy Laura was another's; and thou the votary of pure religion.—'Twas given me by my queen—yes, this volume is the lesson of true love, and Chatelar must learn to live a new Petrarch.—Blighted in celestial joy, thy brow, sweet poet, wore the blooming wreath of honour—yes, 'twas thou who from Apollo took'st the lyre, and with such plaintive sweetness tuned the string to love's soft note, as gave thee everlasting fame.—Teach me, like thee, to live for ages on a look, and hang with rapture on the air-drawn form of her I reverence.—Am I not more blessed than tongue can tell, or ardent fancy picture to the senses?——Come, Petrarch, come kind physician of my doating soul; from thy delicious

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where chance so ordained it that he should meet her. Petrarch, to indulge his melancholy, retired to a romantic spot near Avignon, called Vaucluse; but he was called from this seclusion by two embassies; the one from the Roman senate, the other from the University of Paris, both being desirous of crowning him the Prince of Poets. Petrarch, to use his own expression, chose Rome for his coronation, as being "the capital of the world, the queen of cities;" and he in consequence was invested with this honour in the capital of that city. He died at an advanced age, still cherishing to the last the flame with which his Laura had inspired him.

stream of love-sick harmony will I now quaff my fill, and what I cannot realize, still learn to substantiate in mental rapture.

FRAGMENT IX.

DAY has succeeded day, and every rising sun has bless'd me with the sight of Mary.—A thousand times I've tun'd the lute to strains of love, or read the passionate effusions of the wrapt poet's soul, to the celestial queen of bliss!—She has listened, she has wept, she has applauded me.—In vain at midnight have I taken up my pen, to trace the raptures that entranced me; the thread was broken, and to give to language what my soul concealed was not in Chatelar, nor in the brain of human nature to impart.

Week has crept on, and still another ushered in fresh extacy; and now hath time just measured out three moons, since D'Anville left his Chatelar in full possession of a world of joy.—Three secret letters have by me been given unto my queen, the sad effusions of my lord.—I have watched the features of my love, when o'er the lines her beamy eyes have roved;—dejection sat

upon her brow, and frequently the pitying tear would course adown her cheek, from whence the rose was plucked by tenderness and grief.

A day of trial must ensue; the morrow's sun lights Gordon to my queen: he hath entreated, and she allows him her consent to speak awhile in private to her.—It is the first dark cloud that hath arose to throw the gloom of sadness on the bright hemisphere of pleasure that has environed me.—Why should not Chatelar presume ere it be yet too late? why should not Mary know that I among the rest have yielded up my soul to her all-subduing charms?—What is thy family, Oh Gordon! that Chatelar should not, like thee, make this claim known unto the queen? Hast thou more honour in thy nature, more courage in misfortune, more valour in the hour of peril, and half the sum of love which now consumes me? If in all these thou art not more exalted than myself, then Chatelar ranks in Nature's book of immutable truth as great as thou thyself art.

Nature knows no claim of sublunary greatness; imperial dignity cannot enshield the wearer from the pang of grief, the agonizing torture of consuming pain, or the fell shaft of annihilating death: man is but man, and greatness, like the gaudy beam of day, must yield unto the scarfing robe of ebon night.——I defy thee—yes, Gor-

don, Chatelar dare defy thee; and did thine arm possess the iron sinews of a second Hercules, still would I throw defiance in thy teeth, and rest my hope of victory in love——my hope—my assurance I would say; for what could controul the fury of a heart burning with such affection as now blazes forth in me? I would meet the hungry lion in his den, or the fell tyger prowling for his prey; I would face the winged dragon of the rocks, or teach fell Cerberus to lick my very feet, and sue for mercy.—Passion when shackled becomes the frenzy of the soul, nor spares the being who would dare oppose it.—I own no power but love—I reverence no creature but my queen: to lose her would be death; and he that should attempt to rob me of her love, encounters a twofold enemy: I strive for love, and life without it, I'd thank the created man who should at once annihilate; but thus possessing the smiles of Mary, not all the world shall tear the jewel of existence from me!——Come *Dante*,* let thy glowing page

* Dante, the Italian poet, was one of those transcendent geniuses that very rarely spring up to dazzle the world with a sublimity of composition. This poet, who lived in a dark and superstitious age, was not shackled by any of the trammels which had marked the compositions of his successors; on the contrary, he seemed formed to prove to the world the astonishing powers of the human intellect. The mind has in general advanced by progressive steps

instruct me how to act; teach me, with the fire of thy transcendent lines, to tyrannize with love; teach me to give my heart the adamantine armour of hatred, to all who dare oppose my soul-entranced passion.

Thy numbers, most sublime of men, break upon the fancy like awful thunder riding from afar upon the gloomy clouds, or as the dashing torrent roaring from on high, and foaming in its rapid fall; even so thy pen, in terrifying numbers, hath astounded every sense, and taught my soul sublimity.—Yes, *Dante* shall be my theme to night; he shall awaken every dormant faculty: I will rivet mine eyes unto his god-like verse, and learn to verify the poet's heaven-fraught fiction. ——Come mind, with rapture fraught, and couple with a kindred spirit; *Dante* shall be to Chatelar as fuel to the blazing fire;—yes, I will dare every thing that honour shall approve, and love and Mary sanction.

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and it is very rare, indeed, that we find a genius soaring above the usual standard; but it is in this instance that Dante ranks so eminently conspicuous. In the delineation of every passion he was alike transcendent; whether tyranny or cruelty, virtue or vice, craft or imposture, were the subjects of his muse, the same fire and truth marked his verse.—In short, no age has produced a genius more sublime, and so perfectly calculated to correct the taste, and give birth to the genuine effusions of unfettered poetry.

FRAGMENT X.

He hath beheld her: this morn in private Gordon saw my queen.—What a torture of suspense ensued—yes, I might have heard his protestations, and beheld his fervent gestures, but the meanness was too dastardly for Chatelar; I could not taint my soul with slave-like baseness.——Heavenly powers! how sluggard pass'd the minutes of their hated interview.—I felt——Oh! Mary, let me not tell thee all the scorpion stings that wrung my heart with anguish.—He left thee; Gordon retired: with pensive step I saw him pace along the gallery——It was not D'Anville, and I hated him.—Yes, *Dante* had put to flight all woman's weakness, and every inmate of my breast was rage, revenge, and jealousy!—A lingering hour ensued, and then my Mary summoned me: I looked upon her sadden'd eye, that lan-

guishingly spoke internal sorrow.—Thy precepts, *Dante,* were no more ; I sunk in the sweet dream of love, and to these numbers touch'd the thrilling string, that spoke the beauties of my queen beloved.—

THE PICTURE OF MY QUEEN.

Ah ! wou'dst thou see the azure sky,
And feast upon the blooming rose,
Etherial blue is Mary's eye,
The damask tinge her cheeks disclose.

Wou'dst thou behold the lily dress'd
And view each graceful wave display'd,
Gaze on her gently heaving breast,
And see her locks in gold array'd.

Or wou'dst thou hear the bird of night,
Whose notes melodious fill the grove,
'Tis Mary's song that yields delight,
So peerless is the queen of love.

Scarcely had I sang to thee my strain, O queen of bliss, when thou didst deign to address me.—Never shall I forget thy words: they shall be noted on my tablet, that, if the shaft of fate

should summon me into another world, thine eyes, dear mistress of my heart, may once recal them, and teach thy soul to waft one pitying sigh for the departed spirit of him that loved thee.

You spoke—yes, tenderly addressed me thus: "Chatelar, methinks some soft and hidden "sentiment must attune thy muse, which ever "breathes the strain of love and melancholy; so "young thou art, and yet so sad, that it should "seem indeed as if some canker preyed upon thy "soul—say, is it within the scope of Mary's poor "ability to serve thee; for I can pity others' woes, "and willingly relieve them?"

I was motionless, the lute escaped my hand, a mist o'erspread the visions of my sight, and all the world was lost to Chatelar! * *

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* * * * * I awoke, and on my pallet I found myself, whither thy gentleness and pity commanded that I should be borne, while thy attendants gently vied in kind endeavours for my reanimation.—— Ah! could I then have spoke, my fate had been at once decided; but feeling stopped the current of my voice—I wandered in the mazes of extatic bliss —I died with love!

It must ensue, my queen must know I live for her, and her alone; her words demand it; she

sanctions the confession, and shall hear the glowing truth.——But, ah! I cannot in her presence speak it, else had my Mary yestermorn been guardian of my love-sick tale.—I will on paper give the effusions vent; a letter shall confess them to the mistress of my heart. Yet hold, my mind is ill assorted to such a theme: come, my *Petrarch*, let thy softened phrase teach me in plaintive strains to breathe my passion. Thou too, *Boccacio*,* shall aid me in this bold attempt: yes, thy *Laberinto D'Amore* will tutor me to give my world of passion vent: thy *L'Amorosa Visione* shall picture all I feel. Oh! that I could pluck a quill from Love's down wing, or wright my warm confession with his blazing arrow dipped in my heart's best blood; then might I perchance

* Boccacio was born in 1313, and was the natural son of an Italian merchant, who endeavoured to instil into his mind a love of trade; but his genius soaring above the pursuit of commerce, he was then intended for the study of the law, which he proved equally averse to, and launched at length into the field of composition. His poetic effusions are by no means so worthy applause as his prose; and no production perhaps, of the same kind, ever surpassed his *Il Decamerone*; being a collection of One Hundred Tales. He was the bosom friend of *Petrarch*, and never was a more striking instance of fervent attachment between the two greatest geniuses of the age they lived in, than was witnessed in the persons of *Boccacio* and *Petrarch*.

in part explain the passion that consumes me, and melt my Mary into fond compassion. The die is cast; to-morrow shall make Chatelar for ever blessed, or yield him up the victim of despair.

FRAGMENT XI.

COME death! come sweet annihilation, and terminate at once the horrors of existence! Mary —yes, my queen discards me, contemns my passion, and sends the fatal mandate for my dismissal hence. Do I exist?—Is this the happiness I fondly pictured?—Fool that I am! poor doating infant, how have I quaffed the sweet illusions of hope only to feel the venom of despair more poignant to my soul.

And wilt thou not befriend me, death? Dost thou contemn me? I have the will, I have the power, and who can stay me? Come faithful steel, and end at once this conflict of my griefs; come; for 'tis Mary sends thee on the annihilating errand, and therefore do thy work with cheerfulness. There is but this 'twixt me and the cold grave, and then I rush from misery and hopeless love. But whither, ah! where do I hurry? Is it forgetfulness? Is it annihilation? Re-

ligion, thou bring'st a phalanx of contending thoughts to puzzle and appal me. Self-immolation! hath the Omnipotent then placed a bar 'twixt this life-ending dagger and my heart? Must I endure and be accursed here, or seek my fate, and still exist the creature of thy wrath hereafter? how determine, how explore the labyrinth which entangles me? Cowardice!—What, can it be coward-like to spurn the certainty I have, and fly to regions unexplored? Where hope exists, life would become a stake too dear to hazard at one fell cast; but all with me is dreariness; and if I live, existence pictures to my mind one cheerless blank; a life of hopeless love, despair, and jealousy. Can I behold her another's? can I suffer a creature to bask in the full blaze of her charms, and not hurl him to perdition? Impossible! then life still cherished must taint my soul with murder! Time, what art thou? the space of life is but a day; and shall not I still bear my agonies? In vain, therefore, wouldst thou still physic my sad mind with hope that years may steep my griefs in sweet forgetfulness. Never; no, never, will Chatelar forget to love; never can he banish Mary from the tablet of his heart; she lives, she blazes there for ever and for ever! Religion, thou art to me no comforter. Time, thou art no healer of my pain; then still must I recur to thee, life-terminating dagger! What!

can my brain still conjure up excuse upon excuse, and war against my better reason? I will give thought full scope, though nothing can stir me from my determination—*Death.*

The grave! yes, Chatelar, it may be found, and honourably found without thy stir. War may accomplish thine intent, and bury thee with honour. Thou may'st court it in the field; thou may'st bare thy bosom to its shaft, and sink renowned into the shades of calm oblivion.

Dost thou not mock me, all-devouring death? wilt thou not fly me then, and laugh thy wretched supplicant to scorn? No—still art thou here: still may this keen weapon do its work, and Chatelar rest with thee * * * * * * * * * * * * * * I will begone; heavens! that ever Chatelar should live to say it: yes, I will rid thee, Mary, of my hateful form for ever. France shall behold me: I will tear myself from love's celestial court, and hie me to the bloody banquetings of hungry Mars: but not like him shall I return again unto the queen of love. Rest here then, steel, for still I look to thee. Come, dearest rosary, that when I press the sod drench'd with my flowing blood, I may imprint on thee a parting kiss, and on life's terminating sigh waft forth the name of Mary. Come too, Petrarch; for Chatelar is now more hopeless than ever thou thyself wast: yes, come then.

sweet gift of my bright queen, rest here upon my heart, for thou shalt be my study till I yield my breath upon the field of honour.

Thanks, eternal Providence, that Chatelar was not the child of greatness; for no creature but my offended Mary desires the fate of him who dies her slave; 'tis true she hath dismissed me, but with tempered sweetness bids me learn to know my state, and then she may accord a kind forgiveness. To my bright queen alone the passion of my heart is thus revealed; and she, I am sure, will not refuse forgiveness in the grave. Perhaps the fate of Chatelar will call forth a tear of kind commiseration for his sufferings, and Mary will embalm his fleeting soul in peace.——The morning breaks, and the first tinge of day lights me to wretchedness. Now then to horse, poor love-sick and despised Chatelar; that none may be the witness of thy sad farewell to all in life that could ensure thee peace and happiness.

FRAGMENT XII.

THY shores, dear land, now fade in mist before my sight; and the foam-tipped surge, as if to give my bosom still more pain, seems eager to transport me from my lost Mary. How different is now the scene from that which bore me from the Gallic coast: my queen was then within the barque: I breathed the self-same air, but now each minute wafts me from her to a distant shore; yes, leads me to the grave, that fatal region of mystery and doubt, where all is here conjectural. Now Gordon launches on the wide sea of bliss; love is the pilot of his soul, and the bright beam of gaudy pleasure illumines his tract, as the soft zephyrs of love fill his warm fancy, which lead him to the shores of matchless beauty: no rocks impede his course, no hidden quick-sands are there to undermine him, for now he lives with bliss, freed from the piercing eye of searching jealousy.

I can no longer remain in sadness, and watch the spot where long has faded every trace of Scotia's shore; nought now appears but watery expanse, and the declining sun, which seems to set in angry majesty upon the bosom of the western deep. The sullen winds begin to roar; the surge more furious groans; and from the north comes rolling on the o'er-fraught clouds, to give their watery burthens to the briny deep.—More busily the mariners now set the sails, the signal of approaching danger. How lowering is now my mind; the anger of the elements cannot appal me; the crash of worlds would not affright me; I court annihilation, and in any shape I shall greet it with gloomy pleasure.——Hark! how the distant peals reverberate through the vaulted canopy above: blaze on ye forked fires; death's pale ministers, I welcome your sulphurous light; rock on ye angry billows, and rear your burthens to the clouds; then into yawning horrors dash me; I can still observe you with steadiness, nor feel one trembling of the heart, nor witness in my pulse accelerated motion. For why? because the tempest rages more within my breast; and what is painful to the soul of sweet tranquillity, becomes a sweetness to the mind of anguish. What is this elemental conflict, when compared with mine; thy thunder, Jove, is dulcet music to the unstrung chords that crash upon my soul;

thy lightnings are but faint emanations of the dread fires of jealousy that wither up my heart-strings, and appal the sweet soother sleep, who flies affrighted from me; thy troubled bosom, thou expanded ocean, is peaceful to the conflict that rages in the breast of Chatelar: my heart, like this poor rocking barque, has been and still remains the rude sport of passion's warring sea: it has been reared to the summit of expectancy it has been dazzled with the resplendent rays of pleasure, and then precipitated into the fathomless gulf of blackest horror, of endless despair. To these, what are the threatenings of the angry winds and waves? I could be rocked by them in sweet oblivion, when compared with that I feel within me.——Hark! what a yell was that which echoed to the roaring winds! again it sounds upon mine ear. Yes, it is the signal of despair, for each enhorrored sailor cries out for mercy and salvation.——Ah! what is it whispers to my mind, 'receive this lesson, Chatelar, from him who made thee! It is reason throws reflection into my boiling brain, and tells me that I am selfish, since I alone now call on death as my true friend, and would embrace it by sacrificing to its hungry power those who regard it as their greatest enemy. Thanks! salutary reflection, thou shalt have weight with Chatelar, who asks no partner in his griefs. Come then, dear beads, by Mary's

fingers oft times pressed, and do your wonted office. Yes, for others I will, in contrite prayer, ask peace and safety; though for myself all supplication were but vain. * * * * * * * * * Rescued by Providence divine, I ought to bend the knee in token of my gratitude to heaven; but this sicken'd soul yearns out for death, and cannot pray. Like unto the vessel, from whose shattered hulk her inmates have been so late preserved by more than miracle, even so is Chatelar the wrecked bark of hopeless love, for the rude sea of fate to buffet to and fro.——Hold! let me now picture regions of delight I ne'er must hope to taste on this side of the grave.——'Tis the hour when Mary's heavenly beauties, stretch'd upon the couch, court the sweet invigorating balm of sleep: methinks I now behold her form, unshackled by the robes of day, and clad in loose attire, reclined more graceful than the queen of love; now mark her heaving bosom, which gives gentle motion to the lily covering that enshrouds it; upon the left-arm rests her rosy cheek, while her right-hand concealed would even hide still more the source of female coyness, and bid defiance to the *shower** of Jove. Perhaps her eyes un-

* The editor conceives, that Chatelar must have had reference to Ovid's fable of the beautiful *Danae*, the daugh-

closed, dispense their azure beams with languishingly melting softness; perhaps her fragrant breath issues in broken sighs, and her palpitating heart speaks a soft language she scarcely dares to comprehend. Perhaps, accursed Gordon flits before her fancy, and as she pictures all his charms, her wrestless form assumes a new, yet more enchanting position. Heavens! that I might fill that outstretched arm; that I might sigh my soul in rapture and expire; that I might feast my eyes, and drink whole seas of love; that I might rove o'er matchless symmetry and limbs of fire. * * * * * * * * * Where am I? where hath my fancy led my love-sick mind? why did I not expire in fiction, since reality can never be attained? Oh! cruel, cruel world, 'tis thou hast placed the barrier 'twixt me and the rapturous bliss I pant for. Had not fell custom robed my love in majesty, Chatelar might then have cherished hope: yes, custom shackles nature with her brazen chains, and rea-

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ter of *Acrisius*, King of Argos; who was confined by her father in a castle of brass, because the oracle had prognosticated that he should fall a sacrifice to her son. Jupiter, who was enamoured of the charms of *Danae*, visited her, according to the fable, in the form of a shower of gold; in consequence of which she conceived *Perseus*, who afterwards slew his grandfather, according to the prognostic of the oracle.

son throws her chilling mantle o'er the exuberance of fervid passion. Would custom and calm reason were expelled my breast, and love with nature suffered to be inmates of my soul for ever. So Chatelar would be supremely blessed with rapture and with Mary.

SONNET.

Ah! say my soul, is nature law,
Or is the mind but passion's tool?
Yes: all affection 's but a flaw,
For heav'nly *love* is *custom's* rule:

So saith cold reason: but my raging heart
Cries nay, and fain would act a nobler part.

I wou'd be her's, whom custom's rule,
Hath plac'd on eminence so high,
That soaring I should seem the fool,
And yet not soaring I must die.

Doth custom then, or nature play unfair,
To plant the *will* when not the *pow'r* is there?

Passion and reason always disagree;
So I am left with love and misery.

FRAGMENT XIII.

The dulcet strain of the lute is heard no more; the song of love no longer floats upon the breeze; every thing has given way to war, and martial clangor now bursts upon the still bosom of air.

I have joined the standard of the Prince of Condé and the good Admiral Coligni, against the monarch Charles and the Duke de Guise.* I

* At this period there were two factions in France: King Charles the Ninth, with his mother, Catherine de Medicis, and the Duke of Guise, supported the catholic faith, while the Prince de Condé, the King of Navarre, (afterwards Henry the Fourth of France) and the virtuous Admiral Coligni, with numerous other noblemen, took part with the Hugonots, wishing to establish freedom of worship for the reformed religion, of which they were votaries, in opposition to the court. The Prince of Condé, conceiving that *Orleans* would be the most desirable post for his party to take possession of, as the neighbouring provinces were, for the most part, attached to the next sect, he in consequence dispatched *D'Andelot*, one of his most

have no clamours of the soul, for my reason gives me an assurance that my cause is grounded on the immutable basis of truth. I am an Hugonot; I cannot war against the certainty which my mind unceasingly presents; for I am convinced the purest faith must be the faith of the Redeemer of the world.

Yes, I shall die for Mary in the cause of persecuted virtue, and that belief which has torn from Rome its mockery and superstition, to give religion all its pristine glory.——To-morrow sees

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experienced captains, to get possession of that city, which he accomplished, at the head of only three hundred veteran soldiers, of whom Chatelar, as will appear, according to his statement, formed one. After various successes, the leaders of the Hugonots were at length lulled into a false security, by the artifices of the politic Catherine de Medicis, and her equally deceitful and cruel son, Charles the Ninth, who, together with the Duke of Guise, planned the horrible bloodshed at Paris, better known by the name of the Bartholomew Massacre, or the Parisian Matins; when, after three successive days and nights of slaughter, it is computed that six thousand Hugonots perished, among whom were five hundred of the nobility, the first victim being the brave and virtuous Admiral Coligni, whose magnanimous death was the fruit of a life spent in the practice of virtue, truth, and honour. The Prince of Condé was only saved on a promise of renouncing his religion, and on account of his affinity to the blood royal; and the King of Navarre was spared, owing to his marriage with Margaret, the sister of the blood-thirsty king of France.

me brave the perils of the field; I will be foremost in the glorious fray, and emulate the veterans that surround me.—My captain, the brave *D'Andelot,* admitted me among his chosen band, to share the honour of the arduous day: before the walls of Orleans I will act as befits the lover of a queen; I will be present where danger threatens most; grim death shall bestride my sword, and I will force my way to glory and an honourable grave—yes; I will end my woes, and terminate at once the hopeless struggles of my love.

The breeze is hush'd, and not a murmur now disturbs our little camp, o'ershadowed by the lofty battlements of the devoted Orleans, whose cloud aspiring turrets now are silver'd o'er with the faint radiance of the pallid orb of night.

Mary now sleeps; the queen of love is sooth'd by heavenly slumbers; while wretched Chatelar, doom'd to be the victim of her charms, with wakeful eyes numbers out the sluggard minutes that keep him from eternal sleep;—but Chatelar is not alone; D'Anville, my friend, experiences likewise the pangs of watchful misery.——Ah! may the Marechal ne'er know the fate of him, who venerated all his virtues, was grateful for his goodness, and knew how to commiserate his forlorn and heart-consuming passion.—Farewel, dearest of friends; best of benefactors, farewel:

perhaps thy Chatelar may once more view thee when the rude fever of this life is o'er.——But, ah! my soul, wilt thou be gifted in a world to come with mundane recollection; wilt thou be susceptible of love and friendship in this state? ———Still are my senses hood-wink'd, and to every question which would dive beyond existence here:—all is a cheerless blank, and hope alone is left me.

How dimly burns the lamp; it scarce illumines the narrow confines of my tent; it is the type of life within me, which must to-morrow be extinguished; and the gloom surrounding, is the uncertainty of an hereafter.——Why flag my senses, why do my spirits droop? love shall reanimate my soul, and thus will I address him:—

TO LOVE.

Love holds dominion o'er my breast,
And all my senses both enslave;
He is the foe of tranquil rest,
Nor quits us till we're in the grave,

He is a foe,
He is a fire;
The source of woe,
Or soft desire.

Ah! wou'd my goddess smile, I then might show,
That bliss was love, not love of bliss the foe.

But since in love no joys I find,
My direst foe in him I serve ;
And though a tyrant, still my mind
The rankling arrow must preserve.

I am the slave,
My gaoler he—
Nought but the grave
Gives liberty.

Come love's physician, come all-conqu'ring death,
Strike here, and let me yield with love my breath.

FRAGMENT XV.

Can it be, that Chatelar should thus resume his theme of misery ?—Have I in verity escaped the perils that environed me; the death I sought so strenuously on every side ?—Why am I thus the sport of man's dread foe; the dire exterminator of existence ?—Why did not one of those unerring shafts, which at that moment struck so many of my fellow men, wing its exterminating course to Chatelar ?——This morn I stood like a projecting rock amid a sea of desolation; on every side the dying and the dead assailed my view; and at my side fell many a noble comrade, never to rise again; I was alone unheeded by the hungry monarch of the grave; Chatelar was alone invulnerable. I mounted the deadly breach, but still no friendly arm wafted the messenger of peace to my longing soul : o'erpowered by numbers, *D'Andelot*, my captain, upon his knee valiantly defended his precious life; I came, I rescued the brave

commander of our little troop, and victory soon crowned us with its verdant wreath. We entered masters of this city—yes! triumphantly we passed the gates of Orleans, and exultation marked each countenance, save that of the dejected Chatelar.——*Soon came the noble Condé with his valiant troops, but Mars to us had given all the glory of the bloody fray; the Prince arrived too late to share the blooming laurels that entwined our brows; he came but to receive submission from his foes, already vanquished by our swords. Unmindful of the victory, regardless of the part I had sustained, and only dwelling on the thoughts of death and Mary, I had sought out the tranquil silence of this melancholy chamber, when suddenly a summons from my prince demanded my attendance. I obeyed, and to the noble Condé was led unwillingly by *D'Andelot*, who, mindful of that life I had preserved, spoke with such sounding words of my poor merits in the horrid fray, as drew down commendations from my prince, who, as a token of his gratitude,

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* The History of *Charles the Ninth*, in speaking of the reduction of *Orleans* by the Hugonots, substantiates what is above stated, as it was the intention of the *Prince of Condé* to be present at the siege, but did not, however, arrive till its surrender to *D'Andelot* with his small but chosen troop.

presented me with this insignia of honour, which he bade me ever wear, and entitle him my friend.

But what are princes' friendships; what is honour, glory, and renown, compared with thee, my queen? How many youths would covet the bright field of fame which now presents itself to Chatelar, who views it unregarded.——Strange contrariety of fate: how versatile is fortune to the children of mortality!

Love found sanctuary in the breast of Chatelar, but love was not requited.—I call on death; I court annihilation, and bare my bosom to a host of darts; they turn aside, and pass me unregarded.—I seek seclusion; I wish to pine away with melancholy and despair; and then comes honour and renown to marshal me where I shall meet the public gaze, and sicken with its plaudits.—— Is there no peace on this side of eternity? must we for ever court an illusion which evades us? must the heart-broken pilgrim of this world, when ebbing life fleets o'er his fever'd lips, receive the token of the comfort he had sought for? —'Tis even so; we are as criminals condemned to perish, who, when the executioner has done his work, receive a sluggard pardon and reprieve that mocks them in the grave.——But is there with Chatelar a ray of comfort? even in death, can he expect the look of tenderness from her he loves? No, he must perish, far from the hea-

venly casket which enshrines the queen of bliss ; he must sink without a sigh in pity for his fate. —Still art thou here, my comforter ; still may thy glittering point search out my heart, and give the death I pant for—yes !—Ah, no ! religion now entangles me ; I have espoused that cause which seals with everlasting curse the crime of suicide.— I have drawn upon myself the eyes of all the stanch adherents of our faith—what shame would then for ever blast my memory ; I should be disgraced where I now seek one gleam of comfort ; I should barter the applause of virtuous men, and sink into the grave the wretch of infamy.—Mary, too,—yes, my queen would hear my shame, and think the hour accursed that had presented to her sight a fiend so black as Chatelar.

What is to be resolved upon ?—Must I then exist, and drag on to age a life of wretchedness ? Is there no hope of peace ? and will the ghastly terror still keep his icy signet from my burning heart ? —— Impossible ! this frame must wear away ; internal pangs like Chatelar's must bring him to the pallet of wasting sickness ;—yes, I will feed my love ; I will drink draughts of passion ; I will give the rein to mad'ning jealousy ; I will goad my senses, and fan the fires of passion till the parched-up strings of my heart burst asunder ; till this anguished flutterer be pulverised !

Come, *Lorris*,* thy *Roman de la Rose* shall feed my love—Yet, no, I will first lament the

* William de Lorris, the French poet, flourished as early as the period of Saint Lewis of France, and of our Henry the Third. It is justly said of *Chaucer*, that he was the father of English poetry, and so may *Lorris* be denominated the patron of French versification, *Lorris* derived his name, as was customary in those days, from the town of Lorris, situated about eight leagues from the city of *Orleans*. His poem, entitled *Roman de la Rose*, was to have consisted of 22,734 verses, but the author only composed 4149, which defalcation originated, we may conjecture, in his early death, historians having recorded nothing respecting this astonishing genius upon which we are enabled to ground any material fact. His work is an allegorical tale, by which the poet wishes to shew how many pains and pleasures attend the pursuit of pure and virtuous love. The poem was completed some years after by one *John de Meun*, who wrote several other works. With respect to the talents of *Lorris*, considering the age in which he lived, too much panegyric cannot be bestowed upon his labours. He was brilliant in his ideas, and delineated the passions with a masterly hand; his allegory was just, and his imagery correct; but we have not only to regard him in the light of a *romance writer*, as his production abounds with chaste representations of familiar life, by which he becomes the delineator of the manners of his own period, and the unfolder of the philosophy of the mind. The editor conceives it almost needless to inform the reader, that this production of *William de Lorris* was afterwards given in an English dress by Geoffrey Chaucer, who has preserved the same title in his translation.

cold ingratitude of death ; I will speak my pain in sadden'd numbers, and then to thy love-feeding page, dear book !—Yes, *Lorris* shall be to Chatelar the source of rest till the return of beamy day.

TO THE DART OF DEATH.

How oft hath Mars his blood-stain'd weapon rear'd
While calmly smiling I have said—
O ! strike, and number with the dead,
This breaking heart, by love's hot arrow sear'd.

In vain I proffer'd thus my bleeding soul ;
My bosom's flame too ardent burn'd,
From ice to fire the steel was turn'd,
And hungry death had lost his dire control.

If thus the shaft neglectful turns away,
How can my fetter'd soul expire ?
Save in the blaze of that bright fire,
Which beams, O goddess ! from thy heav'nly eye.

Since then thy dart, grim death, I soar above,
My eyes her eyes shall meet, then die with love.

FRAGMENT XVI.

My days have been one round of dull monotony, and week has ushered in succeeding week without a pleasing change.—Love has been my midnight study, and the returning light has led me to the councils of my noble chiefs; honour still succeeds to honour, and Chatelar is loved by all,—Mary alone suffers me to droop with withering despondency. How lasting is the impression made upon the soul; nor change of scene, nor absence from the well-beloved, can mitigate our pain; we sigh amid the shouts of mirth, and in retirement conjure up those graces to our imaginations, (from which we are debarred) only to render absence more distressing. How gloomy is that contemplation which pictures the impossibility of attaining what can alone rivet the mind to existence; what a cheerless scene does it present; what desires it gives birth to; and what ingratitude does it not lead us to be guilty of, to-

wards that Great Power who claims all reverence and praise from the creatures of his beneficence. ——How my mind struggles to be free ; how my restless reason combats with my love ; I would, but cannot contradict the glaring truths which it impresses on my soul; and yet, though I am thus urged to a conviction, I cannot act upon the principles which subdue me. I could learn stoicism, and be the calm philosopher in every passion, save only love ; but he is my divinity, and, like a defenceless babe within the giant's grasp, all struggles to evade him are but vain. I have looked into thy consolations, sage *Boetius*.*——Ah ! would that I might profit by thy

* Boetius was a great lover of the sciences, and a most profound scholar ; he was once raised to the dignity of consul and principal minister of state ; he followed the doctrines of *Aristotle*, and laboured in the cause of philosophy and of truth. Having been raised to power by *Theodoric*, King of the Goths, that monarch suspected him of holding a private correspondence with the emperor *Justin;* in consequence of which, *Boetius*, and his father-in-law, *Symmachus*, were cast into prison, when *Boetius* composed his well-known treatise, *On the Consolation of Philosophy*.—*Boetius* was beheaded after an imprisonment of six months, anno 524. With regard to the merits of this work, mentioned by Chatelar, none could be better calculated to rectify that exuberance of passion which hurried him on to ruin. The *Consolatio Philosophiæ* consists of alternate effusions, as well in verse as in prose ; and the real intention of

studies; but all in vain do I solicit such a blessing; love laughs to scorn thy frigid precepts, and gives me in thy stead the confessions of a *Gower*,* the sonnets of *Arezzo*,† or the effusions of a *Cavalcanti*.‡

Boetius was to reconcile the doctrines of christianity with the refinement of the classics, and the philosophy of the Grecians. The poetry of this production is much applauded, and the work was formerly in the highest repute.—Among numerous translations of *Boetius* into various languages, the first in English was from the pen of *Chaucer*, who gave it throughout in prose; but it is most probable that Chatelar perused it in its pure original Latin.

* *Gower*, the contemporary and friend of Chaucer, was a poet of considerable merit, and his ballads in French prove him to have been infinitely susceptible of the delicate effusions of the muse. His greatest work was his *De Confessio Amantis*, supposed to have been written by order of Richard the Second, consisting of thirty thousand verses; it is full of stories, and is supposed to have given Chaucer the idea of his Canterbury Tales. Although Gower has been much neglected, the greatest praise is due to his memory; and he may indeed be said to have shared with *Chaucer* in the meritorious work of reforming the literature of this country.

† *Guitone D'Arezzo* was a very old Italian poet, and the first who reduced that species of composition, called sonnet, into the form which it has ever since assumed in Italy, and other parts of Europe.

‡ *Guido Cavalcanti* was also a very early Italian versifier, who gave proofs in his compositions of much taste and refinement. He died in 1300.

How vainly thus does study come to aid the precepts of my reason; whene'er I have recourse to books, my mind takes flight, save when the theme is love, and then my senses are ensteeped in pleasing poison.——O sleep! that rock'st all other creatures in thy renovating arms, thou hast no fascination for Chatelar. But yesternight, when thy oppressive pinions fanned my brain, even thou wouldst not allow me comfort, nor fright dread visions from my fancy.

Methought the soul-attracting Mary stood before me, lovely as perfection, and 'ray'd in cherub sweetness; I strove to approach the heavenly phantom, but all in vain; an insurmountable attraction seemed to rivet me to earth: methought I raved with madness, and burst at length the bond which had enchained me, when at that instant *Gordon* stood before me; his brows seemed clad with blooming roses, and all his look and gesture spoke him happy—yes, blessed with the smiles of Mary!——It was beyond endurance; the brand of jealousy illumined my breast, and tore asunder thy fetters, hateful sleep!—I woke to taste new horrors, and curse the world, and all but her who reigns the mistress of my heart for ever!

'Twas but this morn the noble Condé questioned me, and strove to learn the source of my dejection.——Oh! how he chid me with his words;

they seemed so many soft reproofs for want of confidence.—I acknowledged his bounty; I told him of the lack of ability which was in me, to compensate for the honours showered upon my head: he would not heed my protestations, but proffered still more bounty, and trusted then he should be worthy the esteem of *Chatelar*.—— What conflicts wrung my soul, which seemed to feel the taint of base ingratitude; I would have barter'd worlds to breathe the truth, yet dared not make confession of my love.——I cannot live in this uncertainty; I wander like a melancholy fiend, and seem unthankful where most I would be grateful:—here, too, religion stays my hand from the infliction of that blow which I have vainly sought within the jaws of death.——Where must I fly? where hide my miserable form?—A trackless desart would be paradise to all I suffer here.—Oh! that I were wafted to some steril shore, where never human foot had made its pressure; there would I tell my anguish to the heedless waves, and gives my sighs to the neglectful air—no soul could tax me with ingratitude. —Yes, there would I atone to Condé and my chiefs for my apparent want of gratitude, by yet enduring life a little, and then relieve my woes in everlasting sleep. * * *

* * * A lapse of time has given reflection scope; I can by penitence regain the

pardon of offended majesty; I can once more gaze upon the lovely queen, and then retire to end the tragedy of my fatal love.—Yet being there, could I, when basking in the lustre of her charms, and greeted perhaps with her reanimating smile—Ah! could I then tear myself away? —Compared with love so hot as mine, what is the boasted resolution of the soul?—Hope then would cherish life, and life is misery.——I am perplex'd in thought, and stand like a benighted traveller, doubtful of the track I should pursue. ——I can no more; fate still must marshal me the way where passions such as mine will lead, and I have therefore yet one blessing left to comfort me.—Yes, I am so doubly cursed, that I can laugh to scorn all other ills of life. Thy cup of misery is full, poor Chatelar; but add one drop it must o'erflow, and life ebbs with it.

FRAGMENT XVII.

I AM bewildered, and every occurrence of this life seems but illusion to my senses.—Can it be? are men the sport of heaven?—Can the Omnipotent delight in torturing the creatures of his care?—It is incompatible with his boundless mercy.—Yet, what are we to conjecture; what inference can be drawn from such a wilderness of woes as chequer the existence of Chatelar?——Three nights are passed, and I have still concealed the truth; I have forborne, my queen, to tell thee that Chatelar is beloved.—The poor deserts of him who dies thy slave, have won the heart of *Angeline*—yes! of the noble heiress, *De Beaumont*.—Ah! that I could return the flame, and give to her one ray of that passion which only lives for thee, my Mary.——But, no! Angeline, like Chatelar, must bear the load of anguish; for never will my heart be touch'd with any thrill for her, save only melting pity.——How noble is

the race of Beaumont; what honours would accrue to Chatelar from such an alliance! Angeline, too, is lovely in all eyes, but those of the adorer of the heavenly Mary! 'Twas D'Andelot confided to me the whole mystery of this luckless passion, that preys upon the maiden's heart, and she before bestowed on me a token of her love.—— Cruel fate! wretched Angeline! unfortunate Chatelar! wherefore wast thou preserved to inflict the wound thou feel'st, and lacerate the bosom of another? * * * * *

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With D'Andelot and the dejected Angeline I had stray'd far from the walls of Orleans, collecting choicest flowers; the songsters of the morn attuned their joyous lays—all nature wore the aspect of serene tranquillity: methought that in MY breast alone was treasured up the shaft of love and misery. Beneath an amply spreading tree we gained at length a cool retreat, by nature formed, beneath a bank enamelled o'er with brightest verdure; before the opening of the cavity luxuriant roses of the milky hue waved to the passing breeze. D'Andelot entered, whilst with Angeline I gazed in silence on the surrounding scene. Upon a distant hill a shepherd youth attended to his fleecy tribe, whilst ever and anon he tun'd his reed to some old Norman tale of love.——

" Chatelar," said Angeline, in a soften'd tone of voice, " doth yonder lay, that breathes from " shepherd's pipe, convey such tender sweetness " to thine ear as thrills my soul ?"

I gazed upon the maid ; a languor beam'd upon her modest cheek, which struck my very heart.—I was for a moment mute, when, pointing to the swain, I thus replied :—

" Yes, Angeline ; my feelings are in unison " with thine."—a sigh escaped me as I spoke—it was the incense of my soul offered at Mary's shrine.——But, ah ! the maid knew not the thrillings of my breast ; she greeted these soft tokens as proofs of love requited ; and, snatching a verdant bow with roses chequered, she gave it to my care, and blushing deep, replied :—" Oh ! wear this token then—for me !"

Like the timid roe, she swift vanished from my sight, and in the robe of D'Andelot concealed her maiden blushes, and the tear of fervent love.

* * * * * * * *

I must fly from Orleans ; my presence here can only tend to inflame the poison which rankles in the heart of the dejected maid.—I must quit this scene of honour—I must no more present myself before the aged sire of Angeline, the venerable Count de Beaumont.——Why did I appear so gracious in his eyes ? why was I singled out to be the friend of the Prince Condé ? Had I not

enchained his kind regard, I should not thus have mingled with the noble crowd, and Angeline had ne'er beheld me.——How my heart bleeds for her whom I can never love: how my soul pants for her whom I can never possess.—Mary despises Chatelar, who dies for her, and Chatelar can only pity Angeline, who feels for him the fires of warm affection.——Why was I ever called upon to touch the lute in presence of the maid? why did the generous Condé speak in my commendation? I little thought my love-sick tales, which were wafted to the idol of my soul, would find sanctuary in the bosom of another.—Ah! little did I imagine the praises of my prince would win the heart of Angeline.———I will begone; it must be so: I cannot live to witness another's pangs, and feed a hopeless passion by my presence.—Yes, sweet maid, you must, like Chatelar, for ever bid adieu to him you love!———It is resolved: the coming day makes noble Condé the depository of my tale of anguish, and of my determined flight from Gallia, and from Angeline—*for ever!*

FRAGMENT XVIII.

The die is cast: the Prince has this day heard my tale of anguish; he pities me, and with counsels the most strenuous would urge me to forget my love, and bless the tender Angeline.—But what is reason, and the sage advice of friendship, to the soul that burns with passion?—I ne'er can be the lovely Angeline's; nor would I so disgrace her bosom's fire, as to offer up a heart which never can requite the flame that now devours her own.—We must be wretched, and numbered with the sacrifices of purest affection. —It is decreed in heaven, and mortals must learn to submit. I have bad adieu to the Prince Condé, and the brave D'Andelot; and ere the matin bird has told to the still breeze the hour of returning light, I must to horse, and on the wings of expedition hie me hence unto the sea-girt shore, and once again commit myself unto the briny deep.——Fate now drives me to the

land of love; my reason cannot resist the impulse which impels my soul to seek forgiveness of the enchanting Mary, and once more fix my eyes upon her heavenly charms!——Poor Angeline! how the keen pang of sorrow now afflicts my heart;—yes, I can feel for all thy woes, though I myself am languishing the object of despair. I know the bitterness of persecuted love, the pangs of absence, and the fell curse of hopeless meditation.

Condé hath promised to administer the comfort of a friend; to tell in part the secret of my prior affection, and sooth if possible the maiden's soul, so that she yield not to such anguish as rends the heart of Chatelar.———The hidden destinies have surely poured on me their sum of malice, and not a pang remains to harrow up my bosom.—I suffer, and am the source of suffering; yes, I live in torments, and am myself the inflictor of the very agonies I feel.——Can this be just, dread Monarch of the heavenly choir? What sin hath Chatelar committed, that thus thy bitter wrath should wither up his soul? What crime hath tainted gentle Angeline, that she should share alike the struggle of conflicting passions?—Oh! almighty love, if thou art the bestower of all sweets, thou art equally the source of bitterness accursed, and I stand forth the wretched monument of thy consuming wrath!

———Still art thou present to my fancy, Angeline; I will commiserate thy woes, and as my pen retraces all thy sorrows, mingle with the ebon stream the tear of sympathy, the parting drop of him who can do all but give thee love for love.

TO THE FADING ROSE OF LOVE.

Poor love-lorn maid, thy bleeding heart
Doth all my withering pangs impart,
As hopeless as thyself I pine;
I weep the queen of bliss, whilst thou
Send'st forth to love the fervent vow
For him who never can be thine.

Thy tears with tears will I requite,
With thee I'll sigh the tedious night,
And praise my love with falt'ring breath;
With thee I'll hope, with thee despair,
With thee the wrath of heav'n I'll dare,
By cursing life and courting death.

And yet, though hopeless be thy love,
One pang like mine thou can'st not prove—
I'm more accursed far than thee;
For him thou lov'st will weep thy doom,
But love's bright empress on the tomb
Will never shed one tear for me.

The gem of pity is thy lot,
Whilst I must wither quite forgot
By her who reigns my bosom's queen;
Blighted by hope, and left forlorn,
My heart is doom'd to wear the thorn,
And mourn love's rose—poor Angeline!

FRAGMENT XIX.

GALLIA is no more: these eyes have ta'en a long farewell, for all has faded on the sight; no trace of land is left upon the bosom of the deep, which wafts me now to Scotia's shores.——What a poor wandering wretch am I: driven by fate, I strive for peace in every change, and yet no change brings comfort to my heart. My heaving bosom tells me I shall see my queen again; the thought transports me, when suddenly the woe-worn form of Angeline, in supplicating accents, seems to court commiseration.——Heavens! how my poor soul is on the rack, and sickening prays from any change that may alleviate its sufferings.——Talk not of torments in a world to come—my bitterness is on this side of the grave, for I can steep all other anguish in forgetfulness.—Wou'd that the rocking of this bark might sooth me, and o'er my starting eye-

balls throw the veil of gentle sleep——Come, thou balm of life—come, soul invigorating god, and o'er my senses wave thy leaden pinions; with poppy wreath entwine my brows, and let me own thy spell, thou semblance of annihilating death.—I will not fright thee from my pillow, gentle god, but sooth thee into fond compliance. —Why shouldst thou fly the wretched slave of love? If it were guilty thus to love, thou then might'st start away, and leave me to the sting of goading conscience. But love is not allied to horrors, 'tis tenderness and heaven-bred sympathy; then wherefore should not sleep and love agree? Then bound with rosy fetters seek my couch, and in their dear embrace entrance my soul, and give it up to transient happiness! * * * * * * * * * * * The massy signet weighs upon mine eye-lids—my prayer is heard, and Chatelar now seeks his pallet, and yields his care-worn frame into the arms of peace. * Sleep hath been kind; for five revolving hours I've drank of comfort's balmy cup, and all has been annihilation! I feel the renovating draught, new vigor nerves my soul, and I can combat still with dark despair. Now steals the dawn upon night's sable garb, and

fainter shows the moon her silver'd hue upon the undulating bosom of the briny deep.———— I will unto the deck, and, as the morning dawns, catch the first tint of distant land that breaks upon the misty horizon.—Yes, I will hail dear Scotland's shore, and think of thee, my queen!

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* * * * How beauteous now appear the ruddy streaks of day; how cool the passing breeze; and, oh! how welcome is the land of love, that breaks in azure majesty upon my eager sight.—Methinks I now behold the goddess of yon shore rising resplendent as the beam of day, and banishing with heavenly smiles each sublunary ill that might attend her prostrate subjects.—Dear land, I welcome thee again; blessed queen, once more I come to pay thee homage, and expire!—Yes, Mary's my theme, and thus I trace my love and misery :—

M-ark these poor lines, an angel's here display'd,
A-s lustrous as the star of cloudless eve;
R-ich in each beauty, and by virtue 'rayed
I-n truth: and still form'd only to deceive,
E-nticing my true heart to make it grieve.

Absorbed in thought, with eyes still bent upon the shore, have I some tedious hours thus spent in watchful expectation. Now cheerfully the mariners prepare to make the port, and then I

tread the land of happiness; the winds seem eagerly to back my cause, and fills the spreading sails, while the sharp stern cuts through the briny waves, and, as the vessel rides upon the deep, scatters around a myriad of gems which glitter in the blazing beams of day.—Thus it is with Chatelar: love is the port I seek; hope is the sea whereon my heart is launched; fancy still wafts me on, and scatters round me visions of delight as transitory as these glist'ning bubbles which burst as soon as formed upon my pensive sight.

FRAGMENT XX.

I HAVE seen my lovely queen, and on my knees implored her gracious pardon.——Merciful heaven! with what sweetness did she accord forgiveness, and once more bless me with her favour. —Yes, I have passed whole days in gazing on her; I have been so overpowered with bliss, that all has been forgotten but my queen, and I now catch a solitary moment to give my passion vent.

Oh, matchless love! dread power! whose influence I adore, and yet contemplate but with fear, extend thy fostering influence to him who is most fervent of thy slaves;—pour down on my devoted head one pitying ray, that so the prospect of an existence rendered dark and cheerless, may be illumined with thy renovating smile.—Yes, let thy invigorating beam infuse into my jarring soul the balm of heavenly comfort; give me yet more of love, and let me die for nought but Mary!

Gordon still loves, and Arran lives in hope; each claims alike the beauteous goddess, impelled by that same power which holds o'er my poor soul despotic sway. Yet, still lives Mary mistress of her fate, unbound by every tie but *will*; and till that *will* enchains her to another, Chatelar may cherish hope.——What is impossible to fate, and why may not love accomplish? Monarchs have bent before his shrine—queens by his power have been enslaved; for love knows no title but pre-eminence of affection and of truth, and who is more ennobled than his votary—his Chatelar?——Why should I war against my only bliss on this side of futurity?——Heaven formed me as I am, the creature of affection, and I but bow to its decree in living but for love.—Upon the tablet of my heart is graven Mary, and death can alone efface it.

L-ove, though divided, marks my ev'ry line,
O-n that I live, more constant than the dove;
V-ows unto him I pay, whose pow'r divine
E-nds as it first began—nought else but love.

I am no sensualist; I have not brutalized my mind, nor contaminated the pure ray of my divinity.—I love with truth, with ardour, and with tenderest affection, from whence have arisen all those extacies that constitute the heaven of lov-

ing.—'Tis true I am a tyrant in the passion which consumes me, but none can truly love who would receive it when divided.—I am in jealousy more furious and determined than the dread tygress, of her whelps bereft, who hunts the vile despoiler: and who can feel such love as mine, and yet not taste of jealousy?——I love not from ambition, I doat not from lust, nor is it vanity would prompt my actions to enchain the warm affections of a queen;—ambition, I despise thee; lust, I contemn thee; vanity, thou art air!—The first cannot dazzle, the second sharpens not the senses, neither lives the third within me. Others may think they love, but Chatelar avows it, since every ill combined would not diminish in his soul the fervency that's kindled there.——May'st thou, dear Mary, one day know my pangs, but may'st thou never feel them for created man, unless for Chatelar.——Somethings whispers *presumption!*—I do deny the charge; for every creature boldly dares to ask what fate omnipotent denies him.—Poverty claims wealth—ambition craves for honour—kings would have boundless sway—despots would be gods—and Chatelar asks love. Where is my crime in claiming a return for that already given? or if it never can be mine, why should I dash at once to earth the air-drawn vision of felicity? If it were criminal to love, then love had ne'er been coupled with

existence; and if in Chatelar it be a crime, his eyes had never met the form of Mary. Fate is inscrutable; and sanctioned by its will I yield, without a sigh, to my reward, be it or love or misery.

FRAGMENT XXI.

Each pleasure hath its pain, nor yet was ever mortal joy complete. I have been lulled by bliss so exquisite, that reason should have told me it was a dream.—I have forgotten every thing in the great vortex of love which hath, till now, o'erwhelmed me.—Yes, weeks have transpired without inflicting on my heart one pang of jealousy. Fool that I was, to think myself so permanently blessed!—Why, fond fallacious hope, didst thou hold prospects to my senses which never were to find realization?——This morning I attended on my queen, as I was wont; methought she smiled upon me with more than usual kindness, but at that instant was the fond illusion banished—the hateful Gordon entered.—Almighty powers! she looked towards him, and at that moment too her azure eyes seemed swimming with more melting lustre, and, ere the quick re-

vulsion of my blood gave fresh reanimation to my pallid cheek; her soft blue eye, seeking concealment under the darkened lash, gave to my rival that enchanting glance which I then sickened to enjoy.——Oh! had that soul-subduing look been bent on Chatelar, or had my heart-strings crack'd at once, and told to Mary the great truth that wrings my inmost soul.——Yes, for even now I am a wretch bereft of hope and comfort;—fly moments—fly swiftly time—that I may yield in death my love! But all in vain I crave thy speed, thou hoary power, that notest down my moments of wretchedness:—alas! too lagging is thy pace for the suffering despondency of uncontrolled despair.

C-AN heav'n's dread frown thy woes excel?
H-as fate reserved a pang more keen?
A-nd is there language that can tell,
T-he wretch more curs'd than here is seen.
E-ach line, in part, makes out despair—
L-ove quite forlorn—dread misery—
A-nd ev'ry attribute of care—
R-age, torments, hell, and jealousy.

My soul now chides me, for Angeline appears to bear me company in misery.—Wretch that I was, to be so lost in bliss as not to yield one sigh for Angeline.——It is justice: the pang I now endure is thy punition, righteous Heaven, for

my neglect of pining innocence.—Yes, Mary; for noble Condé has instructed me of all the melancholy and despair that wrings the heart of that devoted maid.—Oh! had I felt for her what thou alone usurp'st, I now had basked in love's most gaudy beam, and she had been requited.—But, no; fate hath not thus ordained; and thou, poor love-sick maid, must sigh forlorn, while in the breast of Chatelar the knawing fang of jealousy corrodes with poison, slow consuming.

I reverence thy merits, Gordon, as a man, but as a rival I abhor thee; for thou seem'st singled out to thwart the purpose of my soul, and win the soft affections of my queen.——What must be done? I cannot play the vile assassin's part, and stab unseen; I cannot mingle with the wholesome draught the potion of inevitable death; nor can I league with midnight murderers, and buy with gold extermination! What if I challenge him to single combat? his rank protects him from my fury; besides, what plea should I alledge for such an act against the noblest youth that ever yet drew breath of life—against the man that never did me wrong? I can do nought but blaze the secret of my soul, and then meet death, or what is far more terrible, eternal banishment from Mary and these shores, must be my doom for ever.

How dreadful roars the wind; how wildly doth the tempest of this midnight hour drift 'gainst the casements of my chamber; surely this war of elements is but the type of what I feel within: I could be happy on a desert heath, and smile upon the storm, so I were free in mind; but round mine heart the adamantine chain is knit, and I'm the love-bound creature of neglect and wretchedness!

Why came I hither to be doubly curs'd; to live a season in the bowers of love, and then be driven along the thorny way unto the cave of gloomy jealousy?—A thousand strange chimeras rush upon my brain, and desperation points at acts that make my fearless bosom tremble!—— 'Tis now the hour of silence, and the coward soul, ashamed to act its villany by day, steals to effect its end: if graves e'er yield to sight the ghastly forms of those they now entomb, 'tis at this period they stalk forth to act the will of fate: if incantations, or the hellish spells of earthly creatures can have weight, 'tis even at this solemn period they enact their deeds of darkness:—this, this is the season, when the prowling enemy of man steals forth to root in the unstable mind the brooding act of horror!—Yes, and 'tis now the same malign deceiver wills me to act what I would scorn to own! * * * * * Come to my aid, bright Reason, and dispel this chaos

that entombs my better sense, and hurries me to madness.

I shudder at my thoughts—yes, from myself I shrink as the dark spell evaporates that hoodwink'd every noble property within me.———— Can it be?——*Force!*—Could ever Chatelar stoop to *compulsatory* enjoyment?—Oh! horror, horror! accursed recollection sleep! and may the thought be buried in the grave of oblivion!

FRAGMENT XXII.

My soul is mantled with the gloom of desperation: for three successive nights mine eyes have been rivetted to earth, and scarcely can I now resume my tale of woe.——Even in the presence of my queen the lowering demon of despair has hovered round me—yes, not the radiance of her heavenly eyes could chase the horror from me; for Gordon is assiduous, and is blessed, while all the pangs of Chatelar are turned to mockery.——Though art requited, Angeline; for every sigh thou numberest out is by this breast repaid with groans of anguish.—Love is no blessing; it bears no kin to the divinity; it is a fiend, a heart-consuming fire, a flood of groaning grief, the grave of happiness.—Accurs'd tormentor! would that I might blot thee out from thy blood-stained register—my yearning heart; would that I could cancel thee for ever, and know that thou wert wafted to the regions of oblivion: how should I

smile to see thee plunged in Tartarus, or hurried in the whirling regions of chaotic darkness!—More would I do than words can picture or my fancy paint, to reek revenge upon thy head, thou rosy child, thou dimpled cozener, who smil'st but to destroy.—Oh! might I give my passion vent—this firm-set earth, these Scottish shores, I'd blow amid the airy regions, and glut upon the horrid wreck! for here I barter'd happiness on this side of the grave. I am more restless grown than when my passions first subdued me; the burning shaft with double fury rages in my veins; I'm mad with love!—Fly from my sight, thou hateful book—I will no more of thee; for thou, Petrarch, art the constant kindler of my fires!—What are these beads to me? I have forgotten how to pray, bewildered as I am in love——— Hold, they were Mary's—poor wretched relics, wherefore should I rave against thee?—no; rather let me kiss thee, for thou lend'st a momentary calm, and I will hug thy genial influence.

BALLAD.

My pulse is languid, all my senses die;
My heart o'erflows, I weep, yet know not why—
Ah! sure my heart's the chronicle of love:

My eyes transfix'd forget their wonted rest;
My mind by contrite pray'r seeks to be blest—
But all in vain I turn my gaze above.

Now rapid beats my pulse, my senses fire;
My heart's in flames, and tears yield to desire:
'Tis love who traces with his raging dart
The form, the majesty, and every grace,
That shines, Oh queen! from thy celestial face,
Upon the tablet of my bleeding heart.

Now fury rages, and my throbbing brain
Would court fell madness to alleviate pain—
Come, Mary, let the drop of feeling flow:
Again 'tis o'er, the raging fever dies,
And nought remains but sadness, tears, and sighs—
I'm left the solitary child of woe.

What is for Chatelar but gloomy cogitation, that conjures up some scene which terminates in mine undoing?—My days are anguish, and my nights despair.—My soul inclines to one fixed point, which only has existence to torment me.—Something must be achieved to give my bosom rest; this unsubstantial bliss but mocks me—I pant for more——I shudder as I think.——The means are dreadful, but my torture is yet more horrible!————Would that I cou'd end the struggle and expire.————A look: there's

nought so guilty in the thought.——Then too shall I be far more blessed than Gordon.——— Glorious idea! satiating thought!—Yes, I will enlist beneath the banner of my passion, and dare the worst that can befall me.

FRAGMENT XXIII.

Oh! let me note the blessed moments that have just transpired; not all thy indignation, Mary, now appals me;—I must, I will to thee confess the transport of my bosom, that o'erflows with rapture and with love. —Scarcely had the ninth hour toll'd upon the breeze when I, beneath thy bed in close concealment, lay to watch thy coming.——Heavens! what moments of suspense!—what dear delicious minutes, never to be recalled!——You came at length with that chaste maid, who nightly gazes on your unrobed charms, nor feels a thrill of extacy. Upon your table stood the blazing tapers, whose light beamed full upon you: forth from the bandeau that enchained your hair I saw your flowing ringlets, of all art divested, hang loosely o'er your falling shoulders, while Maude, obedient to your soft command, passed through your glossy locks the disentangling comb.——What a profusion of en-

chanting tresses wanton'd o'er your heaving bosom, seeming to kiss the thrones of bliss divested of all covering.——I then beheld the Parian marble of your neck, while your attendant, busy still with nimble fingers, soon unloosened every lace that bound your robe, and kept your taper waist in bondage.——I could not view your form distinct, for modesty disdained to make those hidden treasures known, ever to your kindred sex.—No, Mary from her attendant's gaze preserves a scene that Gods would reverence. —The lily drapery that shrouded all the heaven of bliss I pant for, still from my eager sight could not conceal a thousand charms unspeakable.—— A torrent of luscious joy rushed on my senses!— Maude retired.———I could no longer curb my raging transports——I rushed forth; then uttering thy dear name, my queen, sunk o'ercome with—— * * * * * * * * * * I awoke from the delicious trance—I found thee habited, dear goddess of my heart! and I alone, and in thy chamber.—I sunk upon my knees—I bathed thy feet with tears; for thou hadst once more pity on me—yes, thy fame had been for ever slurred had thou made known the fact, and therefore silently thou didst await to send me from thine presence. ——What rigour was in thy eye; what majesty was in thy port;—I shuddered at the

bold presumption of my love, and yet I could not but applaud the deed, since it had feasted me with heaven!———"Begone," thou didst exclaim, "and learn to keep thy counsel; a "second time I do accord forgiveness, but the "third is death."——Again I knelt, implored, till thou, in fear of interruption and discovery, didst yield compliance to my ardent prayer, that I might still remain the tranquil occupant of this my station.

What art thou, Gordon, now, compared with Chatelar?——I have been every thing but folded in her arms—I have done every thing but yield my soul upon her bosom!———Transporting thought! heavenly Mary! fortunate Chatelar! ———But, shall I rest content? will not the frenzy of my passion urge me farther?——No matter—I've wound up every function of my soul, and nothing sublunary can appal me.——Oh! had I at her feet expired, the scene of struggling love had closed upon the lap of pleasure!——To-morrow I must meet my queen—how shall I regain the favour my temerity has lost, and win her angel smile?—My heart will teach me—love is the best instructor—to him I have recourse: he is my lord, and I should prove the traitor to my heart did I deny his sacred power. ——It is resolved: I own no other sway but love's—no other hope but Mary!

FRAGMENT XXIV.

What changes in my fate must here be registered; what an accumulated scene of bliss and wretchedness will stain my page.—The morning beamed upon me as the inhabitant of a palace, and three days constant assiduity had partly reconciled my queen to the presumptuous mortal who had dared offend her. ——Now mark the change: the self-same sun has closed upon me the inmate of a narrow dungeon, from whence I shall be led to meet my fate, and die for the audacity of love.——Who would not suffer death in such a cause? who would not pay with life for such extatic joy as I once more experienced? —Let me recal those charming moments: they are the last of joy I shall experience in this life, and tyranny cannot debar me from the contemplation. A second time within thy chamber was my form concealed: this very night these arms enfolded thee; again I saw the beauties of thy

glossy hair in wild luxuriance wave around thy polished neck; a languor was in thy dark-blue melting eyes; nectareous dew bespangled o'er thy coral lips, which half unclosed gave to my ravished sight the ivory treasures they in part concealed. With choicest perfumes did thy Maude attend, and having twined thy tresses in delightful folds, the treasures of thy neck and falling shoulders were perceptible: again the lace gave way—again thy bosom, freed from all control, heaved to my devouring eyes, while thy dear fluttering heart kept love's enchanting harmony.—I saw those orbs of milky hue—yes, doubly was I feasted with the sight; for in the friendly mirror, before which thou stood'st reflected, were thy glowing charms; I could discern the streaks of azure on the spotless mountains of thy bosom, whose summits, crowned with vernal buds, seemed planted there for love's warm pressure. Thy cumberous robes thrown off, thy form was to mine eyes revealed—but, ah! when from thy leg the covering was withdrawn, I saw the symmetry of shape almost as high as warmest fancy could desire; I saw that thigh, as ivory sleek, and formed in Venus's mould; I saw those legs in gradual taper to the ancle fall, more delicate than ever mind conceived, or art to sculpture gave; I saw those little feet, and that enchanting heel, which view'd, with every other

charm concealed, must melt with luxury the casual gazer.——What was to be done? I blazed with passion—a burning flood o'erwhelmed my heart!—Maude had retired.——I darted forth, and in my arms embraced this luscious world of charms!—I felt the heaving of thy breast, my queen! thy throbbing heart kept pace with that within my bosom.—My lips met thine—oh! what a melting kiss!—resistance made the moment more enchanting; thy struggling limbs pressed close to those that did entwine thee; the genial glow of thy firm thigh communicated unto mine; I felt those breasts that seemed inviting pressure; I stifled supplications, and heard nought but the completion of desire: already had thy trembling form half yielded to the vigour of my love—I bore thee in my nerved arms, when finding me with desperation fir'd, thy shrieks gave the alarm, an armed band appeared, and hither was I hurried from the heaven of heavens, to linger in a dungeon's gloom! Thus ends my life of extacy; a few short hours have cut me short from liberty and life.—I must prepare to meet the solemn judgment of the law; I must resign myself to death; and, oh! more terrible than all the rest, I must he ready for that solemn court whence there is no appeal!—— Yes, I must meet my Great Creator! Let me not linger long in horrible suspense, enchanting

queen; summon the judges, and let the executioner complete the work—my life is forfeit to the laws, and I resign it; but never will I in this life resign my love—no, for I have hitherto hugg'd it to my soul, nor shall it 'scape me till the link be severed for ever, that binds me to existence!

FRAGMENT XXV.

A HEAVY gloom now lords it o'er my heart; this world to me is darkness, and the contemplation of futurity a dream!

What is imprisonment; and what are these cold flinty walls, but the mere emblems of the life I loath?—This dungeon is my earthly frame, confining the warm entranced soul, which looks upon a future state, as these my wearied eyes gaze through yon narrow casement on the boundless realms of gaudy day.——Dreams of delusive hope, farewell; farewell to love, to Mary, and to happiness!—Why was I cozened thus? why did a mother's struggling pangs give life, which only nurtur'd reason that the possessor might be accursed for ever?—Yes, I am accurs'd; Chatelar is doom'd to endless misery.

As I look back upon life's stormy sea, my resolution stands appall'd, and I more wonder that I am, than that I should be thus.—Were ever man's affections such as mine?—or, if they were,

show me that creature in whom Prudence wrought so much as she hath done in me.—Have I not cool'd the boiling temper of my blood? have I not calm'd the raging fury of my brain? have I not reasoned with my yearning heart, and physic'd black despair?—I challenge man, created such as I am, to do as I have done!——Now is the busy tongue of rumour quite unfettered, and tales ride post on slander's wing: now are the ears of greedy calumny op'd wide, to swallow every breath of defamation, and still add falshood upon falshood to blacken and condemn me.——Rumour, I laugh thy tale to scorn!—Slander, thou canst not taint me; nor can accumulated calumny appal my soul, or stigmatize me with the opprobrium of guilt!—Where is mine offence?—I loved, and am despised!—Is it then with thee, thou rancorous world, thus to accuse me? rather should I in bitterness of heart vent curses on thee; for thou didst place 'twixt me and Mary such a distance, as barr'd all hope from me for ever.——I shall ignobly die; the current of my blood, by one fell stroke, will be for ever stopped;—and wherefore so?—because I loved a queen! * * * * * * * * I feel the godlike emanation; it warms, it blazes in me, and I bow with reverence to the reason that inspires it.—Is it thy beauty, my enchanting queen, which should en-

title thee to more than mortal sway? Is it thy grace, and those accomplishments which adorn thy mind, that give thee in the world's esteem this dread pre-eminence?—No, it is destinction but in name and blood: this is the mighty barrier that blights my hope, my love, and gives me to the grave!—Poor grovelling world! how I despise thy prejudices! how my soul soars above thee, and wings its flight with eagle pinions to the realms of truth and everlasting light.——Thou glorious sun, whose piercing eye can gild the gloom of this my melancholy dungeon, 'tis but a little and then thy light is scarf'd for ever!—A thousand eyes will witness my last agony, and view my streaming blood.——Ah! would that my jailor now would summon me; I burn to meet my fate, and die for Mary!—Cold rigid world! thou ne'er canst know me; 'tis but to my queen these struggles I'd impart.—Oh! may she deign to read, and drop the tear of sweet commiseration.

I know not why, but oftentimes a sad presentiment steals o'er my soul, and tells me that the day may come, when such a servant as poor Chatelar might not be deemed unworthy the attention of my Mary.——How crooked are the paths of life; how few the sweets; how bitter is the gall; the wretched, like the daisy of the field, neglected live, nor feel the withering blast

of wav'ring fortune; the great alone are noted, and, though they weather long the pitiless storm, are struck at length, and, like the towering oak, hurl'd to destruction!—Greatness is a dream! —This world's a dream!—we wander, and we know not wither. Oh! if by fate's decree, there is one chosen cup unmixed with gall, let it be Mary's, and I die content; for did I know that keen despair would ever wring her heart, how doubly curs'd would then appear the annihilating blow.——— How great are all thy judgments, King of Heaven; how matchless thy decrees; for hadst thou so ordained, that Chatelar might gaze upon futurity, and in that region unexplored a pang was registered for thee, O Mary! not all the horrors of the wrath of Heaven could equal that which would assail my soul on leaving thee thus unprotected:—for where will Mary fine so true a servant as the love-sick Chatelar?

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* * * But, no, it cannot be: my queen was formed to bask in heavenly bliss, and never taste despair.——Why yearns my heart anew?—Down, down, obtruding thoughts! nor strive to curse still more a feeble wretch, who totters on the margin of futurity.—I will not yield to such ideas; fortune can frown on all but her who reigns within my heart—yes, for I have ta'en upon myself the twofold share of

worldly woe, that Mary might live free from mortal anguish.——My pangs have given peace to her I love on this side of the grave: then let me hence; so shall I know the world to come, and whatsoe'er remains to purchase bliss.—Eternal be the future toil of wretched Chatelar!

FRAGMENT XXVI.

It is done!—I am condemned!—The aweful voice of justice dooms me to the block!—To-morrow's sun again shall greet these eyes; again one solemn night, like this, shall vainly come to sooth my weary soul, and court my haggard eyes to sleep.—Sleep is no more for Chatelar on this side of the grave: the morning which succeeds lights me to regions unexplored; where all is dubious and incomprehensible!——How strange are man's affections: when most oppress'd with grief and terror, the smallest circumstance will yield him some consolatory meditation.—Wou'dst thou believe it, Mary?—thy Chatelar, doom'd by thy charms to suffer a premature death, could yet be led, from contemplation of futurity, to think and moralize on things most insignificant, on that which was on this side of the grave.

My queen, I had been picturing thy matchless beauties; for nought can rob me of my fancy's

boundless freedom: I had conjured up a thousand scenes of faded bliss, when suddenly the apparatus of my fate struck on my wandering senses.—I saw the scaffold—nay, the very block, and by its side the stern executioner of justice; methought his axe glittered in the beams of morning, a rabble crowd seemed to attend my doom; I was in mind what I must corporeally appear, ere the bright sun has numbered out two tedious days.—Yes, Mary, even then—even at that most solemn juncture, I was awakened from the scene of death, and thought no more of cold oblivion.——Already had the clouds of night scarf'd the last gleam of day; already nature seem'd to have lull'd in sleep the brows of labour and hard-earn'd content, when lo, upon yon tree whose branches fan my prison's grated window, a harmless songster of the silent hour sang forth his melancholy strain.—Poor tender bird! said I, why is thy swelling throat attuned near one so abject and forlorn as me? Still warbled on the little creature, who in responsive sadness seemed to chide my cruelty, and yet commiserate my luckless fate. — There seemed a sympathy between us, and I would have died a thousand deaths ere mortal hands had injured the sweet feathered soother of my miseries.—I was touched; my soul had yielded to the impulse; a thrilling tenderness pervaded me;—death was no

more, for all was love and Mary !———I recur with wonder to the act; for never did I again suppose these fingers would have struck the string—yet they did so; for at that moment with a trembling hand I caught the lute, which once had charms for thee, my queen, and which, with thy Petrarch, and these holy beads, have been the mute companion of my solitude.——I sang, when lo, the warbler ceased, till as the last vibration of the chord spoke sadness to the breeze of night; the moon then darting forth its pallid gleam, I saw my little bird advance from spray to spray, till on the iron-grate he perched, when finding silence reign, with tones exuberant he made response, and I but seemed a beggar to his persuasive melancholy—Oh, bounteous fate ! that send'st one pitying friend to lull my wearied senses in forgetfulness—yes, for this inoffensive chanter calm'd my soul, by teaching me that grief may find a soother, even when environed by the dungeon's solitary gloom.—Oh ! may no cruel hand e'er rob thee of thy liberty, sweet flutterer of the grove; may'st thou remember long those waving branches, and make them the nightly witnesses of thy heavenly song; may'st thou perhaps recal the strain of Chatelar, and upon yon grating strive to give new life to this poor lute, whose music dies with its devoted master ! ——One hand alone could call thee forth, sweet

bird, and with seraphic note outrival all thy mastery; but she will ne'er become the inmate of a prison's gloom, and therefore, thou dear soother, may'st live the unmatch'd child of sweetest harmony! * * * * * *

* * * * The morn in ruddy majesty now streaks the sky, and night with lagging pace still lingers on the western expanse.—The day shall rise, and twelve revolving hours bring on returning gloom, and then—O Chatelar! shall fortune's malice do her worst, and mingle thee with ashes long forgotten.——How calm is now the thought; for unto bitterness how sweet is death; how grateful is the contemplation of futurity!—Yet, to leave thee, Mary—perhaps unpitied as unseen; to quit the sovereign of my soul will ruffle my tranquillity, and baffle all my boasted resolution.—There is no recal; my reason tells me I must die; yet still my boisterous passion cries aloud, I love, and my fond bleeding heart yearns out for Mary in the jaws of death.

Come love—come death, for Chatelar can welcome you—yes, to the last the shaft shall be the inmate of my breast, and I will cherish it; nor shall the withering touch of mundane power wrench the keen arrow from my bosom; for I will die, and die in love!——Oh! how I laugh to scorn the systematic show of justice in this

world: the judges' robes, and all the laboured forms of worldly courts, are nought to Chatelar. —This morning's mockery condemned me: and as the dread behest of law was thundered in mine ears, methought the scale of justice turned awry, and that the hood-wink'd goddess fled in haste, ashamed of such vile profanation. But let the ermined sage still doom me to the block; let justice manacled assent to his behest; I have a judge within; a page whereon so legibly is written good and ill, that not the power of earthly beings can efface it;—but hold, I will not rave against my condemnation; the proof of innocence is sweet serenity; I will be peaceful, and in poetic numbers give my soul full vent.

I CRAVE no mercy for my forfeit life,
I claim no sigh, I ask no pitying tear;
Existence would be love, and love is strife,
So joy shall be th' attendant on my bier.

My fancy pictur'd love as bliss supreme,
And youthful passion soon enslav'd my heart:
I found warm fancy but a fleeting dream,
And fervent passion but a rankling dart.

I courted hope, she conjur'd visions bright,
My mind equality in nature drew;
Hope proved the *antic* to my dazzled sight,
Which argument still forc'd me to pursue.

To feast on Mary's charms was once my care,
Methought I never could have sued for more;
But bless'd with those, presumption made me dare,
And I confess'd the flame which I deplore.

I flew the sweet destroyer of my rest,
I courted death in many a bloody fray;
When love, by torturing another's breast,
Still urg'd me back that I might own its sway.

Again I bask in beauty's radiant sun,
I dare attempt to realize my bliss;
I gaze unseen, I gaze, and am undone,
And sell existence for love's ardent kiss.

Aurora soon will tinge with ruddy hue
The eastern expanse, now in darkness dress'd,
And I with her shall bid life's night adieu,
To wake immortal, and for ever bless'd.

But, ah! may not the form of Mary live
In soul aerial, as in mortal fame?
Will icy death annihilation give,
Or doth love's fury still exist the same?

To part for ever from the bliss I crave,
Uncertain of the future, gives me dread;
Perhaps, expecting comfort in the grave,
To love the living Mary with the dead.

Why puzzle still with doubts my throbbing brain?
Why with perplexity increase the shock?
Had I the will to live, the strife were vain—
To-morrow seals my doom upon the block.

Let love and resignation nerve my soul,
  Since neither bolt, or cell, or axe have sway,
My bosom's warm affections to control—
  My heart is Mary's---Mary I obey.

Come smiling morn, for thou wilt comfort lend,
  And poise within me ev'ry jarring sense;
Death is to Chatelar the wish'd-for friend,
  For death brings certainty, and kills suspense.

FRAGMENT XXVII.

'Tis *one*, and the faint breeze of morning steals through my grated window: I have been shedding tears of blood upon the scrawl before me—yes, cruel Mary, it is from the generous Prince de Condé, and it was thy pleasure I should taste of bitterness even in the jaws of death; for in that fatal packet, which from thy palace was this eve by thy command dispatched to Chatelar, is registered the death of Angeline.—She is no more; the lovely maid hath speeded to the throne of God—perhaps to plead my pardon: yet what a pang for me!—Oh! had a few short wretched hours transpired ere this had reached me, I had not thus received accumulated pangs to usher me to execution.——Yet pour down thy wrath, my queen, I shall not long remain to blast thee with my hated form, or give offence to thy proud majesty.—I go to realms unknown, where

in oblivion all the scenes of life are buried—I go perhaps to meet the spirit of poor Angeline, and in those regions of eternal bliss requite the love I owe.—I am resigned to death; this is the moment I so long have coveted: I look into futurity, and all is as a vision.—I will not mad my brain for the short space of life that yet remains; I will to the last avow my sublunary love, and pray for thee, my Mary.—And yet, to be for ever torn from life; to have the youthful current of my blood cut short at one dread blow, must make the stoutest own a momentary chill.——May'st thou, oh! Mary, never know a scene like this; may no dark cloud conceal the sun of pleasure from thee; may life be granted while it hath joys in store; and may the hour of death be as a pleasing dream, and waft thee to Elysium. *

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* * I close the scene; by the Great God of Truth it hath been sworn, that unto thee alone these sealed relics of my love should be delivered.—To Condé, D'Anville, and the brave veteran D'Andelot, have I by letter told the termination of my miseries.——Yes, the time wears apace; the morning breaks, and by the distant sound the period of my death draws near. How ill am I prepared to meet the Great Judge of Heaven; my soul is not attuned to quaff that balmy comfort of religion; love still holds to

my heart, entangling every thought forerunning death. * * * * * *

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* * The minister of ghostly consolation hath been with me.—Oh! I have prayed, but with a hollow heart, that has but doubled mine offence against High Heaven.——Pity me, Mary; pray for me, my queen—commiseration is the greatest attribute of dread Omnipotence.

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* * * I have been summoned, and the sad register must close.——Mary, farewel; smile on me, Angeline.—My queen, farewel; and may the host of heaven for ever guard thee. —Till we meet above, again one last farewel, dear mistress of my heart, on this side of the grave.

CONCLUSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

THUS end the Fragments of Love, from the devoted Chatelar to his queen; to which the Editor has only a few words to subjoin.

From the records of history it appears, that this unfortunate young man proceeded to execution with the greatest fortitude, and ascended the scaffold divested of every sentiment of fear, and yielding only to that passion which precipitated him to destruction, ere he might have been said to have lived a third part of his existence.

On the scaffold he made a very laconic address to the spectators, the subject of which is not recorded to posterity; but it appears that, turning towards the windows of the chamber usually occupied by Mary, and which commanded a view

of the spot, he still professed his unalterable passion, and gloried at meeting his fate in such a cause. He also pathetically upbraided her, as the most cruel, although the loveliest of her sex; and then repeating some lines out of the works of *Ronsard*, which were very applicable to his situation, with a dauntless demeanour he gave his head to the block, which was severed by the executioner at one blow, leaving that heart at peace which may with justice be said to have vibrated only for love and misery.

The melancholy which pervades the foregoing pages may not entitle them, perhaps, to the consideration of many readers, yet, as a curiosity the work is assuredly deserving some notice; nor does it afford the youthful mind any scope for the license of passion, but, on the contrary, shows that dreadful devastation which is the attendant of a quick fancy, suffered to indulge its chimeras, which too frequently terminate either in madness or the grave.

As the reader of the preceding pages may be desirous of possessing a more ample account of the lovely and unfortunate queen of Scots, than the preceding narrative could embrace, a memoir of her, comprising the principal passages of her life, and interspersed with historical Fragments, and Remains, is here subjoined, which, as it has

been drawn up with great care, and a scrupulous examination of the best authorities, the Editor flatters himself it will prove both amusing and satisfactory to those who may wish for further information on a subject so curious and interesting.

HISTORICAL

FRAGMENTS,

POETRY,

AND

REMAINS OF THE AMOURS,

OF

Mary, Queen of Scots.

HISTORICAL

FRAGMENTS,

&c. &c.

MARY, queen of Scots, was one of those characters which we very seldom meet with in the world, and which, whenever they appear, are applauded for their generosity by a few, and condemned for their simplicity by the many. They have an easy affiance of soul, that loves to repose confidence, even when confidence is weakness.—They thus go on, still confiding, and still confounded; unable to check the current of affiance which runs strong in their bosoms, and suffering themselves to be driven before it in all their actions. The first half of their lives forms one continued tissue of confidences improperly placed, and of perfidies natural to be expected. Such a person was Mary.

The following particulars of the history of that unfortunate princess will serve to illustrate some of the passages of the preceding pages, and at the same time convey a general idea of the life and character of this devoted queen.

The misfortunes of Mary seem to have commenced with her birth, which was on the 8th of December, 1542. She was the daughter and sole heiress of James V. king of Scotland, by Mary of Lorraine. On the death of her father, which happened when she was only eight days old, the regency of the kingdom devolved upon the earl of Arran, who was appointed guardian to the infant queen. Henry VIII. of England, demanded her in marriage for his son, afterwards Edward VI. but the proposition being rejected through the intrigues of the queen dowager, who wished her daughter to marry a prince of France, a war broke out between the two countries, and the Scottish army sustained a total defeat at the battle of Musselburgh.

The consequence of this event was, that the queen dowager fled, with her daughter, first to the island of Inchemahom, and afterwards retired with her to the court of France. At this period Mary was in the sixth year of her age. After passing some days at court, she was sent to a monastery, where the daughters of the chief nobility of the kingdom were educated. Here devotion

and study employed her time, and being blessed with an excellent natural capacity, she became one of the most accomplished women of her age.

To the accomplishments of her mind, the dignity of her birth, and her rank as an independent sovereign, she added a most captivating person, and her natural charms were set off and heightened by the sweetness, complacence, and gentleness of her demeanour. These qualities rendered her so acceptable to the court of France, that on the 20th of April, 1558, when she was little more than sixteen, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. This was the happiest period of her life. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, she became the admiration, as she was the peculiar ornament, of the most polished court in Europe.—She there became the centre of a large circle; and appeared in it with a propriety that was acknowledged, and a gracefulness that was applauded by all. But her soul was superior even to such a state of admiration as this, though it had charms to gratify the generality of female minds to the utmost extent of their wishes. Mary's ambition was of a more exalted kind. She wished to appear as a woman of intellect, and to be considered as a woman of taste. The strength of her talents fitted her well for the one; the high polish which had been given them, calculated her eminently for the other. She therefore shone eminently in the

drawing-room and in the closet; in the necessary formalities of state, and in the mental intercourses of life. And, superadded to all these qualities, she had what is scarcely ever united with them, a native firmness of resolution.

Her youth indeed, her beauty, and her gracefulness, her literature, and her royalty, may seem to have raised her to an eminence of esteem and applause in France, which perhaps she did not properly deserve, and some powers of mind, perhaps, were attributed to her which she never possessed. Nothing so much imposes upon the spirits of the feeling and the refined, as youth, beauty, and gracefulness, united with literary accomplishments in a lady. And when these all appear in conjunction upon a throne, they are frequently rated beyond their worth, and the world is filled with hyperbolical admirations of them. Yet, with every allowance for the pleasing prejudices of the few in favour of such accomplishments, and with every deduction for the useful partialities of the many to the side of royalty, she was certainly one of the first women of her age. The very courtiers of Elizabeth, in their very addresses to their mistress, at a time too when Mary was just escaped from an imprisonment for months, under the tyranny of her own rebels; and when she had actually suffered the horrible indignity of a rape, from a confederacy among them; even then ac-

knowledged her to have an equal vivacity of mind, yet to have that sound and sober wisdom which is of so much greater consequence in life, and qualified her to be peculiarly a woman of business; to possess also a large share of courage; to be actuated by a frank, a pleasant, and a generous spirit; and to be furnished with a free and eloquent address. "We found her in her answers," say they, "to have an eloquent tongue, and a discreet head; and it seemeth by her doings, that she hath stout courage, and liberal heart adjoining thereunto."—They also, in the same moments, expressed their apprehension for the consequences; because a number of gentry from all the adjoining counties of England, had heard "her daily defences and excuses of her innocence, with her great accusation of her enemies, *very eloquently told* by her;" and because a body of her agility and spirit might escape soon out of the windows of her English prison. Other instances might be cited, where the enemies of Mary admitted the superior excellence of her mental and personal endowments.

The happiest portion of Mary's life was that, unquestionably, which she spent at the court of France. But of that she was soon deprived by the death of her husband, in a little less than two years after their marriage. Soon after Mary was invited by her subjects to return to her native kingdom; and yielding to their solicitations, she quit-

ted France with inexpressible regret, and sailed for Scotland. She was now to pass from a situation of elegance and splendour to the very reign of turbulence and incivility; from the most polished court in Christendom to one of the most barbarous; and to exchange scenes of refinement and taste, and the homage of a train of gallant, loyal, and accomplished courtiers, for scenes of barbarity and bloodshed, the rebellion of her subjects, and, in the end, the unextinguishable hatred of an implacable rival. Our immortal bard, taking a rapid glance of the history of this unfortunate princess, in his Midsummer's Night Dream, says——

> ———Thou remembers't
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
> To hear the sea-maid's music.*

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* Warburton, annotating upon this passage, says, "all this agrees with Mary, queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satirist. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguishing circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no doubt about his secret meaning.

She is called a mermaid] 1. To denote her reign over a kingdom situate in the sea; and 2dly, her beauty.

On a dolphin's back] This evidently marks out that dis-

On her arrival in Scotland Mary received adulatory congratulations from the poets of her native country, some extracts from which are here preserved, as they throw light upon the manners of the age, and serve to show the enthusiasm which

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tinguishing feature in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath] This aludes to her great abilities and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was at that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled by the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was n France. But her return home presently quieted these disorders, and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justice and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres;* by which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in

her presence inspired when in the bloom of her beauty. The original orthography is for the most part retained, but where difficult or obsolete words occur, they are explained below.

A NEW YEIR GIFT

To Queen Mary, when she came first hame, 1562.

Welcum, illustrat Lady, and our queen,
Welcum our lyone with the floure de lyce, (1)
Welcum our thistle with the Lorrane (2) green.
Welcum our rubent rose upon the ryce (3)

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her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences." We subscribe to every thing which Warburton there says, but his censures against Mary. But when Warburton wrote, the evidence for and against Mary had not been thoroughly examined, and what was before the public, was only what Elizabeth and her friends had permitted to appear. The documents appertaining to this unfortunate princess's history are now before the world, and in proportion as facts have been elucidated, so, we believe, the number of her friends have increased.

(1) This is an heraldic allusion. The lion is part of the arms of Scotland, and Mary was entitled to bear the fleur de lys in her quality of Dowager of France.

(2) Mary was allied to the House of Lorraine through the Guises.

(3) Right, lawful.

Welcum our gem and joyfull genetryce (4);
Welcum our beil (5) of Albion to beir (6) ;
Welcum our pleasand (7) princess maist (8) of pryce (9),
God give your grace agains this gude (10) new zeir (11).

This gude new zier we hope with grace of God,
Shall be of peace, tranquillity, and rest;
This year shall richt (12) and reason rule the rod,
Quhilk (13) sae (14) lang (15) season has bene sair (16)
suprest;
This zeir firm faith shall freily be confest,
And all erroneous questions put arreir (17)
To labour that this lyfe amang us left.
God give your grace agains this gude new zeir.

The address then proceeds for some time rather in the tone of a remonstrance than the offering of a courtly bard, till at length our poet returns to that theme which is most worthy of his royal mistress, and says,

Let all thy realme be now in readiness,
With costly cleathing (1) to decore (2) thy corss (3),
Zung (4) gentlemen for dauncing they address,
With courtlie ladies coupled in consors (5),

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(4) Honourable birth. (5) Shield, or protection against. (6) bear. (7) pleasant. (8) most. (9) price. (10) good. (11) year. (12) right. (13) which. (14) so. (15) long. (16) sore. (17) behind.

(1) Clothing. (2) adorn. (3) person. (4) young. (5) pairs.

Frak (6) fierce gallands the field games to enfors (7)
Enarmed knyghts at lists with shield and speir,
To feicht (8) in barrow (9) baith (10) on fute and hors,
And grant thy grace get a gude-man this zeir.

This zeir shall be embassies heir (11) belyve (12),
For marriage, from great princes, dukes, and kings,
This zeir within this region shall arise
Rowts of the rankest that in Europe rings;
This zeir both blythness and abundance brings,
Navies of schips (13) outhrow the sea to sneir (14)
With riches, rayments, and all royal things,
Agane thy grace gets a gude-man this zier.

Gif (15) saws (16) be suthe (17) to schaw (18) thy celsitude (19),
Quhat (20) Bairn (21) sould (22) bruke all Britain by the sie (23),

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(6) make. (7) follow. (8) fight. (9) tilt-yard. (10) both. (11) here. (12) reside. (13) ships. (14) steer. (15) if. (16) prophecies. (17) true, or to be depended upon. (18) shew. (19) greatness. (20) what. (21) child. (22) should. (23) shall govern the whole island of Britain, as it is encompassed by the sea. By this verse it appears, that the prophecy of James VI. of Scotland succeeding to the crown of England, and being the first king of Great Britain, was not, as some alledge, made after his accession; this poem being composed in 1562, some years before his birth.

The prophecy expressly does conclude,
The French wyfe of the Bruceis (1) blude (2) should be,
Thou art the lyne frae (3) him the nynth degree,
And was King Francis partie maik (4) and peir
Sae by descent the same should spring of thee,
By grace of God agane this gude new zeir.

But however flattering Mary's first reception in Scotland, her fortunes were destined soon to become overcast. Her subjects were not only barbarous, unpolished, and ferocious, but they differed from Mary in religious principles, and were fanatics in support of their opinions. Mary had either moderation enough in her spirit, or discretion enough in her understanding, not to attempt any innovation on the prevailing faith of protestantism. She allowed her subjects the full and free exercise of the new religion; and she only challenged the same indulgence for her own. But this the reformers were unwilling to permit, and though composed for the most part of the dregs of the people, the authority of the crown was soon found too weak to support itself against them. The zeal of religion which

(1) Mary is here called the French wife, from the circumstance of her being Queen Dowager of France. Her descent from the Bruces, the next line. (2) blood. (3) from. (4) mate. (5) peer.

burned in the breasts of these austere fanatics, gave them a boldness, against which the polished civilities of life formed an ineffectual barrier. And the natural audacity of power, when it has been newly acquired, and especially when it has been just lodged among the lower orders of life, lent them such an addition of effrontery, that the venerable form of majesty itself seemed to shrink into indifference before it.

To augment the difficulties of her situation, Mary, in addition to the fanaticism of the vulgar, had to struggle with the contending factions of a turbulent and ungovernable nobility. It is hardly possible for the human mind to conceive a race of men more thoroughly brutal and ferocious than the Scotch nobility of this period. Rebellion was then scarcely looked upon as a crime, and murders, treasons, plots, assassinations, and conspiracies, were so common as no longer to be held in any horror. Such was the state of the Scottish nation, when their lovely queen appeared among them.

It was an additional misfortune to Mary, that her *cousin* and a *female* filled a neighbouring throne. England was then governed by Elizabeth, a princess whose character was very different from Mary's. In all the stronger and deeper lineaments of the mind, it was much superior; but it was much inferior, also, in all the amiable, the elegant,

and the dignified graces of the heart and understanding. Elizabeth had some grounds of special animosity against Mary. The latter had a title, such as it was, to the throne of the former; and this was naturally preferred by the prejudices of the papist, to the right of Elizabeth herself. Mary had even assumed the arms and appellation of Queen of England when she was Queen of France. And though she had forborne to take them ever since she became her own mistress, Elizabeth had none of that generosity about her which could forgive. She had been alarmed, and she was still alarmed, for the papists continued the claim, though Mary had resigned it. She might one day see a formidable competitor for the crown in her, supported by all the popish faction in the island, and seconded by all the popish powers on the continent. Elizabeth's life was a life of misery and mischief; of mischief to others, in the plots which she was always forming against them; and of misery to herself, in the fears and apprehensions which she was always entertaining of them. She was continually forging schemes of malignity against them, from some visionary schemes of her own concerning them. She then changed her visionary into real fears, from the jealousies which she conceived of their retaliating upon her. And she was finally obliged to fabricate new schemes of mischief against them, in order

to prevent or counteract the designs, which she was sure they *would* form against her, because she was sensible they had every *right* to form them. Thus does Providence punish the insidious with airy suspicions at first, torment them with well-grounded jealousies afterwards, and afflict them at last with the very success of their own machinations.

Scarcely had Mary landed in her native Scotland, when the treacherous Elizabeth began to conspire her ruin. The beauty of Mary's person, and the attraction of a crown, recommended to her many suitors. Among others the archduke Charles of Austria, one of the most gallant and accomplished princes of the age. But Elizabeth interposed, and insisted that she should not marry with any foreign prince, but make choice of a husband from among her own nobility. In the tone rather of a mistress giving commands, than of a sovereign writing to another independent sovereign, she recommended to her either the Earl of Leicester (her own paramour) or the Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lenox, and next in succession to the throne; observing, at the same time, that her succession to the throne of England would be very precarious if she did not comply.

Overawed by the threats of Elizabeth, and smitten with the person of Darnley, who is admitted on all hands to have been a young nobleman of a most prepossessing form and appearance, though very deficient in point of understanding,

and extremely dissolute in his manners, Mary consented to marry him, and having created him Earl of Ross and Duke of Rothesay, they were married on the 29th of July, 1565, and the same day Darnley was proclaimed king at Edinburgh.

The queen found to her cost, that the superior personal charms of Darnley, had nothing in them to compensate for the weakness and wickedness of his heart. He was ambitious without any ability for business; and without any discretion in dignity, he was childishly eager for authority. An Italian domestic, named David Rizzio, whom Mary had brought over with her from France, and who by his taste for music had recommended himself to her favour, so that she appointed him her foreign secretary, and at her leisure hours amused herself with his musical compositions, or his conversation. This person incurred the deep displeasure of Darnley, and a plot, perhaps the most brutal and savage ever conceived within the heart of man, was entered into for his destruction. The king, at the head of five or six assassins, entered the apartment where Mary sat at supper with the countess of Argyll, her natural sister, and Rizzio attending upon them. At first the unfortunate musician endeavoured to skreen himself behind the robes of the queen, but was stabbed by one of the villians over her very shoulders. The blow was aimed so near the queen's face, as she herself

afterwards declared, that "she felt the coldness of the iron in its movement over her cheek." It was also struck with so much fury, that the striker could not recover the dagger, but was obliged to leave it sticking in the body. The wretched Rizzio was then forced from his hold, while a dagger was held up against herself, by another of the ruffians, in the very act to stab her. He was at last dragged away, bleeding and screaming, amidst the tears and entreaties of the queen, into an adjoining apartment, and instantly dispatched there by the swords and daggers of these murderers, with no less than fifty-six wounds.

There never was, perhaps, when contemplated in all its varieties of horror, the time, the place, the woman, and the queen, so atrocious a deed of inhumanity perpetrated.——The queen in an advanced stage of pregnancy; — the place, her closet; the persons who were the actors; the man who was the leader; the mode; the deed; all conspire to rank this bloody transaction savage beyond any thing that occurs, among all the wildest eruptions of brutality and barbarism, in the history of the human species. Every circumstance fills us with horror. It is a scene too painful even for the imagination to dwell upon.

On the 19th of July, 1566, Mary was delivered of a son, who was afterwards James the sixth of Scotland, and the first of England. This event

seems in some degree to have brought about a reconciliation between Mary and Darnley; but the stroke which Darnley had so fatally aimed at Rizzio was soon to be retaliated on himself; and as if Providence itself interfered in the punishment of this unhappy man, some of the miscreants who had assisted him in the murder of Rizzio, were the very persons who now conspired against his own life.

A conspiracy was entered into against Darnley, and managed so secretly, that no intimation of it transpired until the deed was accomplished. An indisposition, the small pox, it is said, obliged the king to retire to a lodging apart from the palace, but Mary visited him from time to time, and even occasionally passed the night in an apartment in the same house. By the diabolical ingenuity of the conspirators, a mine was dug under this house, and so well charged with powder, that when it was fired the house was almost blown up from the foundation, and the body of Darnley was found dead and naked in a garden, at a considerable distance from the spot where the explosion took place. This horrid transaction was perpetrated in the month of February, 1567. Murray, Morton, Bothwell, and other of the principal conspirators immediately fled; but some of the minor actors in this tragedy were taken up, and being convicted, executed. With their dying breath they acquitted Mary of

any participation in the murder of her husband, and charged the whole upon Murray, Morton, and Bothwell.

But hardly was the deed done, when Mary was accused. Libels were stuck up in the most frequented parts of the city of Edinburgh, urging her to bring the perpetrators to justice; insinuations were industriously propagated, charging her directly or indirectly with murdering the king; and all the seditious poets in the land set to work in composing whatever might operate on the public mind, already deeply prejudiced against her.—Examples in scripture, and in ancient and modern history, were sought to authorise rebellion, and to palliate the consequences. The church vehemently inveighed against the act, and loaded their sovereign with gross and indecent invectives.—Could the most guiltless not be hurried away by the torrent?

So much has been said of this atrocious crime, that it is almost unnecessary to dwell upon it here; but a regard to Mary's reputation obliges us to say, that nothing has yet been produced to criminate her. Let any impartial and dispassionate person reason with himself; let him consider that the most powerful men in the kingdom were Henry's sworn and acknowledged enemies, unremittingly planning his destruction from the instant he came among them; and daily manifesting the utmost

contempt and dislike. Mary saw and lamented his follies; she made a fruitless endeavour to reclaim him; and although her affections were estranged at the time of pain and sickness, the remembrance of former love would return. Is it to be wondered, that she did not express all the bitterness of grief, at the death of him who had treated her with what was most grating to female sensibility, with rudeness and neglect? But conceiving it her duty to perform a solemn service for the repose of his soul, she did it at midnight, and in secret, to avoid the intolerance of her bigoted subjects. Would a woman of her consummate address and ability, resort to a measure which must necessarily be communicated to many, when, every moment, she might alone convey an invisible death to her husband? After she had suffered every indignity, been exposed to insult, held in captivity, and overwhelmed by misfortune, there were no indications of guilt, no signs of remorse, at that awful period, when soul and body are to part for ever, and when an unfortunate, by the confession of crimes, thinks to purchase peace with heaven.

As no charge has been more strongly urged against Mary, than that of her being privy to the murder of Darnley, we have given the above extract from an ingenious Scottish writer of the present day, which appears to us perfectly to acquit

her of all share in that transaction. It was the interest of the enemies of Mary in Scotland, and it was the interest of her persecutor Elizabeth in England, to have the world think her guilty of the murder of her husband. They knew that if they attempted her destruction all at once, their project might probably fail, or they should cover themselves with lasting disgrace. They had recourse, therefore, to sinister means, that they might effect their purpose in greater security. Before they openly attempted the life of Mary, they meanly and treacherously employed every art to blacken her reputation, and to destroy her character.

The following ballad, on the murder of Lord Darnley, being composed after Mary's flight into England, must be received with great caution, as, no doubt, the author wished to ingratiate himself in the favour of Elizabeth, and there was, at that period, no likelier way of doing so than by calumniating the Queen of Scots.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthiest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The Queen of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotlande within,
And she wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To be a prince unto a peer:
But you have heard, and so have I too,
A man may well buy gold too dear.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He would have sate him down in the cheare,
And tho' itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho' the king had been present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall tell you how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks she did weete,
And made a vow for a year and a day
The king and she wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
For the death of the queene's chamberlaine,
The king himself how he shall dye.

With gunpowder they strewed his roome,
And lay'd green rushes in his way;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bed the king he made him bowne ;
To take his rest was his desire ;
He was no sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blazing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And he had thirty foote to fall ;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

Who have wee here ? Lord Bodwell say'd ;
Now answer me, that I may know :
" King Henry the Eighth my uncle was ;
For his sweete sake some pitty shew."

Who have we here ? Lord Bodwell say'd,
Now answer me when I do speake ;
" Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well ;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take.

I'll pitty thee as much, he say'd,
And as much favour show to thee,
As thou didst to the queene's chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nigh,
Through an arbour into an orchard,
There on a pear-tree hanged him high.

When the governor of Scotland heard
How the worthye king was slaine ;
He pursued the queene so bitterlye,
That in Scotlande she dare not remaine.

But she is fled into merry England,
And here her residence hath taine;
And through the Queene of England's grace.
In England she now doth remaine.*

From this unhappy period, a series of infelicities attended the Queen of Scotland to the end of her life. A few months after the assassination of Darnley, she was seized by one of his murderers, the Earl of Bothwell, carried by force to his castle of Dundar, and there brutally ravished. It has been maintained by a great many writers that Mary went willingly with Bothwell, and that the story of a rape was but an invention to shelter Mary from the imputation of having too easily yielded to his solicitations. But we believe, with the learned vindicator of Mary, that there was no previous concert whatever between Mary and Bothwell;

* It deserves to be mentioned here, that the governor of Scotland, who is noticed in the last stanza but one, was the Earl of Murray, half-brother to Mary, who, according to the best historians, was nearly concerned in the murder. It is true, he afterwards pursued that unfortunate princess out of her realm, but not to revenge the death of Darnley, but to clear the way for his own ambitious views, and secure to himself the regency of the kingdom of Scotland during the minority of James VI.

that she had a real repugnance to his person; and that the rape was perpetrated under the most aggravating circumstances of atrocity and profligacy. "How shamefully," says a Scottish contemporary writer, "the queen, our sovereign, was led *captive*, and by *fear*, *force*, (and as many conjectures may well be suspected) other *extraordinary* and *more unlawful* means, compelled to become bedfellow to another wife's husband:—is manifest to the world.

Upon this very striking passage, Mr. Whitaker makes the following observations:—"this carries an intimation of something superlatively villainous and horrible in the very sound of it. The extraordinary means made use of in *addition* to *fear* and *force*; and the means that could be *more unlawful* than they, must be some practices of the most diabolical nature. Dr. Stuart, an author who must ever be mentioned with the highest respect by the friends of Mary, and the first who called out this striking passage into notice, supposes "*amatorious potions*" to be meant by it. But it means, I doubt not, something very different. It alludes to those practices which Lovelace actually uses upon Clarissa, *stupifying draughts*. The former are inconsistent with *fear* and *force*, to which they are brought in as assistants, and even contradictory to the *compulsion*, of which they are said to have been actual instruments. But the latter coincide directly

with them, and indeed with the whole history.—This passage, therefore, not only confirms the incidents of the rape, and also apprises us of a circumstance in it that is charged with peculiar guilt. The *stupifying draughts*, ministered by the contrivances of Bothwell to the imprisoned Mary, complete the horrid picture of his daring flagitiousness, and her heroical honour. And let it ever be remembered, that those very rebels, who pretended to have intercepted the letters, sonnets, and contracts of Mary, and who on them have grounded a charge of adultery and murder against her, of adultery with Bothwell, and of murder for the sake of Bothwell; even they formally and authoritatively announce her to have been a "compelled bedfellow" to Bothwell; to have been "led captive" by him first, and *then* to have been "compelled by fear," by "force," and as from many circumstances they say they conjectured, and as, no doubt, they knew from Bothwell himself, though they could not avow the communication, "by other extraordinary and more unlawful means."

"He had," as the rebels go on, "in three months found such hap in an unhappy enterprise, that, by the murder of the babe's father, he had purchased a pretended marriage of the mother, seized her person in his hands, environed her with a continual guard of 200 harquebuziers, as well day as night, wherever she went: that if any man

had to do with the queen, it behoved him, before he could come to her person, to go through the ranks of harquebuziers, under the mercy of a notorious tyrant, as it were to pass the pikes."

Under this strict kind of confinement, both before and after the marriage, did the fears of Bothwell keep the unhappy queen; the fullest evidence to the world, surely, of her innocence; so full, indeed, that I hope I may be allowed to parody those well known lines of Shakespeare, and to say—

That had not heaven, for some strong purpose seal'd
The eyes of men, they must perforce have seen it,
And Robertson* himself have cleared her.

"But on the 14th of May he brought her before the council, and a marriage contract was there signed between them both. A copy of it was ordered to be registered in the books of council and of session, and the next day they were married."

A marriage brought about under such auspices, it may well be conceived, could not prove very fortunate. Bothwell had scarcely reached the goal of his successive villanies, when a powerful

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* Dr. Robertson, author of the "History of the Emperor Charles V." and of "America," who had treated the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, with extreme illiberality in his "History of Scotland."

association of the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Scotland was formed against him. and forces levied for the purpose of depriving him of his usurped power. He was himself so universally detested, that even the bond of common crimes could not bind his associates to him, for as soon as the opposite forces approached they deserted him, and the guilty Bothwell was forced to fly, first to the Orkneys, and afterwards to Denmark, where he soon after died, acquitting with his last breath, as it is said, the queen of any participation in the murder of Darnley, and humbly begging her forgiveness for the crimes which he had committed against her.

Mary was now delivered out of the hands of her ravisher and husband, but it does not appear that her condition was bettered by the change. Her natural brother, who commanded the army that drove Bothwell away, instead of treating her with that respect which was due to her as his sovereign, with that kindness which was due to her as his relative, or that gratitude which he owed her for the many favours she had conferred on him, particularly in creating him Earl of Murray; instead of acting an heroic and manly part towards his injured and insulted kinswoman and sovereign, he had her conveyed to a castle situated in an island on the lake of Lochleven. In her way to her

prison she experienced every insult which a brutish, ignorant and fanatic populace could shew.

But worse sufferings were reserved for her in her place of confinement. The person whom Murray, with a studious refinement of cruelty worthy of the spirit of presbyterianism, and of despicable people over whom he was so ambitious to reign, had appointed his mother keeper of the castle of Lochleven; and this woman, to use the words of Whitaker, insulted over her with the natural insolence of a whore's meanness, in asserting the legitimacy of her own child, and in maintaining the illegitimacy of Mary; and actually carried the natural vulgarity of a whore's malignity so far, as to strip her of all her royal ornaments, and to dress her up like a mere child of fortune, in a coarse brown cassock.

Having been detained a prisoner under these deplorable and ignominious circumstances eleven months, Mary at length effected her escape from the castle of Lochleven on the 2nd of May, 1568, and fled to Hamilton castle, the chief seat of the noble family of that name. Here great numbers of the nobility assembled about her, and drawing their vassals from all parts of the kingdom to her relief, their forces soon amounted to near 6000 men. A gleam of prosperity seemed to shine on her affairs, and probably it was at this period that

some of the effusions of loyalty and love inserted below, were addressed to the lovely queen.*

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* The following beautiful lines are usually called "Lord Airth's complaint," but who that nobleman was, antiquaries are not well agreed. The lines themselves bear strong internal evidence of having been addressed to the Queen of Scots. They are written in the dialect of that period, and the only liberty taken with them has been to modernise the orthography.

If these sad thoughts could be express'd,
Wherewith my mind is now possess'd,
My passion might, disclos'd, have rest,
  My griefs reveal'd might fly:
But still that mind which doth forbear
To yield a groan, a sigh, a tear,
May by its prudence, much I fear,
  Increase its misery.

My heart which ceases now to plain,
To speak its griefs in mournful strain,
And by sad accents ease my pain,
  Is stupified with woe.
For lesser cares do mourn and cry,
While greater cares are mute and die
As issues run a fountain dry,
  Which stop'd would overflow.

But the evil star of Mary soon beamed again malignantly on her fortunes; and Murray was

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My sighs are fled: no tears now rin,*
But swell to whelm my soul within,
How pitiful the case I'm in,
Admire but do not try.
My crosses I might justly prove,
Are common sorrows far above;
My griers ay † in a circle move,
And will do till I die.

Among the other accomplishments for which the lovely Queen of Scots was distinguished, she has been celebrated for her taste in music, and for the exquisite harmony of her voice. Rizzio, who, it seems, principally gained her favour by his skill in music, composed some airs for her which still go by his name, or that of his unfortunate mistress, and which, considering the low state of musical science at the period when they composed, possess a considerable share of pathos and invention. It was probably in allusion to this elegant accomplishment that the following lines were written, which, though we will not positively affirm that they were meant for Mary, yet certainly they are as applicable to her as to any other personage, and they are exactly the kind of lines which we should suppose a gallant and polished courtier would be anxious to present to his royal mistress.

Behold and listen while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,

* rin, for run. † ay, always.

destined to become lord of the ascendant. Having collected his forces together with great expedi-

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And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

So when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came:
But if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not but deplore the fire.

The following verses were probably composed in answer to some of the scurrilous lampoons which were published with incessant rancour against Mary, both in Scotland and in England:—

What fury has provokt thy wit to dare
With Diomede, to wound the queen of love,
Thy mistress's envy,* or thy own despair?
So blind a rage, with such a different fate;
He honour won, where thou hast purchast hate.
She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou that without a rival thou mayest love,
Dost to the beauty of this lady owe,
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone,
Or is thy mistress not content with one?
Hast thou not read of fairy Arthur's shield,

* Queen Elizabeth

tion, he marched against Mary, and gave battle to the royal army. The forces of the queen, which consisted for the most part of raw levies, were unable to withstand the shock of the veteran soldiers, and consequently fled almost at the onset. Mary seeing the fortune of the day irretrievably lost, was compelled also to fly, and, accompanied only by a few faithful adherents, she travelled in one day sixty miles, to the house of Lord Herris, on the borders of Cumberland.

Which but diclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field ?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.
Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
Rewarding Phœbus, for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
His joyful beams : but Phœbus is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight ;
So ill thou run'st against so fair a light.

In the following lines we meet with more illusions to the excellence of the queen's musical performances. The instrument on which she performed probably was the lyre or the virginal; at all events it is clear it must have been a stringed instrument played with the fingers.

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
So unconcern'd herself and we so much.
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirit reigns ?

Here she was induced to take a step which, distressing and painful as her situation was, was perhaps the very worst that she could have taken. Relying on a promise which Elizabeth had some time before made her, that if her rebellious subjects should further prosecute her, she would march her forces to her assistance, sending her at the same time a diamond as a pledge of her sincerity, that she would come to her assistance whenever required. Mary wrote a letter to Elizabeth, acquainting her with the unhappy aspect of her affairs, and at the same time returned the diamond token.

Before any answer was returned to her application, Mary, contrary to the advice of her friends, determined to take refuge in England ; and accord-

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The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Toucht by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with harp in hand survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burnt he play'd.

ingly quitting her own kingdom for ever, landed in England at Workington, in Cumberland. So earnestly did her friends persuade her against this rash step, that tradition relates, that when she entered on horeback the stream which divides the two kingdoms, the bishop of Ross, who attended her, seized on her horses bridle, and throwing himself on his knees in the water, conjured her not to quit her native realm. But Mary was not to be moved from her purpose. Frank, honourable, and noble-minded herself, it was not in her nature to suspect treachery in others.

She took refuge in England on the 16th of May, 1568, being then little more than twenty five years old.

The remaining history of this unhappy princess consists of little more than a series of sufferings, indignities, and mortifications on her part; and of cruelties, deceit, and oppression on that of Elizabeth. A few weeks after her arrival, a mock commission was opened at York, where the cause between Mary and her rebellious subjects was pretended to be tried before a tribunal of Elizabeth's appointment. This commission was afterwards removed to Westminster, and Mary was solemnly charged with the murder of her husband Darnley; with adultery and collusion with her ravisher Bothwell; and many other flagrant and heinous crimes: but the evidence on which they were at-

tempted to be proved was so defective, and the concert between the accusers of Mary, who were her rebel subjects, and Elizabeth, who was at once the judge and persecutor, was so apparent, that the commission was suffered to languish, and finally dropt without coming to any decision.

Mary, at her first coming to England, had been treated with some shows of respect by her sister queen; but not that respect which was so eminently due to her birth, to her consanguinity to the Queen of England, to her misfortunes, and to her merit; and she was destined, for a long series of years, to experience a systematic course of harshness and malignity, such as can be paralleled by very few, if any, examples in the history of fallen greatness.

The vindicator of Mary, speaking of the conduct of Elizabeth towards that unhappy princess, says, "Elizabeth had no sensibilities of tenderness, and no sentiments of generosity. She looked not forward to the awful verdict of history—she shuddered not at the infinitely more awful doom of God. Regardless of her own invitation, of her own promises, and of every sanction human and divine, she flew upon the unhappy queen, seized her as her prey, and imprisoned her as a felon. I blush as an Englishman to think, that it was an English queen who could do this; that it was one of the most enlightened princes that ever sat upon the

throne of England; and that it was one whose name I was taught to lisp in my infancy, as the honour of her sex, and the glory of our isle.

"Yet she did even more than this. She obliged the unwilling rebels to come forward with their asserted evidences against her. She forced them upon pretending to substantiate their accusation of adultery, and to authenticate their charge of murder: and, at last she entered into a diabolical compact with them, to receive their spurious evidences as genuine; to receive them in such a manner as should preclude all possibility of detecting their spuriousness; and to vouch them for genuine by her own authority; so to blast the character of Mary with all the world, for the gratification of her own paltry revenge; and then to keep her in prison for life, or to deliver her up to her rebels, for the support of their scandalous usurpation."

And these charges, and other still more heinous, it must be acknowledged Mr. Whitaker, in the course of his elaborate and learned inquiry, has most ably and fully substantiated. It is a received notion among the vulgar, that Elizabeth lived and died a virgin queen; but there is every reason to suppose the contrary to be the fact: that she was a woman of strong physical passions; and that if she gave no fruits of her incontinence to the world, it was rather the fault of nature, which had incapa-

citated her from becoming a mother, than any temperance or chastity in her temperament.

One of the chief scandals handed down to us against Mary is, that she was a woman of an almost unbounded and promiscuous appetite in love; but that this was far more Elizabeth's character than that of Mary, will, we think, sufficiently appear from the following letter addressed by Mary to the *virgin* queen, after she had been for a period of fourteen years, perhaps upwards, her prisoner.

LETTER

From Mary to Queen Elizabeth.

According to what I have promised you, and you have desired, I declare to you now, that with regret that such things have been brought into question, but very sincerely, and without any passion, for which I appeal to my God as witness, that the countess of Shrewsberry told me what follows concerning you, pretty nearly in these terms; to the most part of which I protest to have replied, reprehending the said lady for believing or talking so freely of you, as matter that I did not believe, and do not believe at present, knowing the nature of the countess, and with what spirit she was then egged on against you.

First, that one, to whom she said you had

made a promise of marriage before a lady of your bed-chamber, had lain down infinite times with you, with all the freedom and familiarity that can be used betwixt a husband and wife; but that, undoubtedly, you was not as other women are, and for this reason it was folly in all those who favoured your marriage with Monsieur, the duke of Anjou, because it could never be consummated; and that you would not ever give up the liberty of bespeaking love, and of having your pleasure continually with new lovers; regretting this, said she, that you would not be content with master Hatton, and one other of this realm; but that, for the honour of the country, she was most grieved, that you had not only pawned your honour with a stranger of the name of Simier, going to find him by night in the chamber of a lady, whom the said countess blamed greatly for this business, where you kissed him, and used diverse familiarities with him, and also revealed the secrets of your own realm to him, betraying to him your own counsellors.

That you behaved with the same dissoluteness towards the duke his master, who had been to find you one night at the door of your bed-chamber, where you met him with only your shift and night-gown on; and that afterwards you suffered him to enter, and that he staid with you nearly three hours.

As to the said Hatton, that you ran him down by violence, making the love which you bore him so public, that he himself was constrained to retire from you; and that you gave Killigrew a box on the ear, because he had not brought back the said Hatton, whom you had sent him to recall, and who had departed from you in wrath, for some reproaches which you had uttered on him, on account of certain buttons of gold which he had upon his clothes.

That she had laboured to make a match between the said Hatton and the late countess of Lenox, her daughter; but, for fear of you, durst not enterprize it: that even the earl of Oxford durst not re-accord with his wife, for fear of losing the favour which he hoped to receive by making love to you.

That you was profuse to all such persons, and those who meddled with such practices; as to one Gorge, of your bed-chamber, to whom you had given three hundred pounds in rents, because he brought you the news of Hatton's return; that to all others you was very ungrateful and niggardly; and that there were but two or three persons in your realm to whom you had been ever bountiful.

Counselling me, while she laughed extremely, to enter my son in the lists for making love to you, as a matter that would greatly serve me, and would dislodge Monsieur the duke from his

quarters, who would prove very prejudicial to me, if he continued there; and on my replying, that this would be taken for an absolute mockery, she answered me, that you was as vain, and had as good an opinion of your beauty, as if you were some goddess of the sky; that she would take upon her life she could easily make you believe it, and you would receive my son in this light.

That you took a great pleasure in flatteries beyond all reason; that it had been said to you expressly, that there was no venturing at times to look full upon you, because your face shone like the sun; that she, and other ladies of the court, were constrained to use this language; and that, in the last journey to you, she and the late countess of Lenox, while she was speaking to you, durst not look the one towards the other, for fear of bursting into a laugh at the flams [cassades] which she was putting upon you; praying me at her return to rebuke her daughter, whom she could not ever persuade to do the same: and, as to her daughter Talbot, she was sure she could not ever refrain from laughing in her face.

The said lady, Talbot, when she went to perform the reverence, and to take the oath to you, as one of your servants, immediately on her return relating the act to me, as an act done in mockery, begged me to accept the like, but more felt and full towards me, which I refused a long time;

but at last, constrained by her tears, I suffered her to do it; she saying, that she would not, for any thing in the world, be in your service near your person, because she should be in fear; that when you was in wrath, you would do to her as you did to her cousin Scudamore, one of whose fingers you broke, and made those of the court believe, that it was broken by a chandalier falling down from above; and that you gave another lady, as she was waiting upon you at table, a great blow with a knife upon the hand.

And, in a word, because of these last points, and common petty reports, you may believe that you was acted and represented by my women, as in a comedy among themselves; and finding it out, I swear to you, that I forbad my women from meddling in such work any more.

Further, the said countess at another time apprised me, that you would fain have appointed one Rolson to make love to me, and try to dishonour me, either in fact or by evil report; for which he had instructions by your own mouth: that Rudby came here about eight years ago, to make an attempt upon my life; having talked with yourself, who had told him, that it was the business to which Walsingham would recommend and direct him.

When the said countess prosecuted the marriage of her son, Charles, with one of the nieces of my

Lord Paget; and when you, on the other hand, wanted to have her by pure and absolute authority, for one of the Knoles, because he was your relation; she exclaimed against you, and said that it was an actual tyranny, in wanting to carry off at your fancy all the heiresses in the land; and that you had used the said Paget with indignity, by abusive words; but that at last the nobles of this realm would not suffer this from you, if you addressed yourself to some other ladies, whom she knew well.

About four or five years ago, when you was sick, and I also at the same time, she said to me, that your sickness proceeded from the closing up of an ulcer, which you had in one leg: and that, without doubt, as you was coming to lose your menses, you would die soon: pleasing herself upon it, in a vain imagination which she has had a long time, from the prophecies of one called John Lenton, and of an old book that foretold your death by violence, and the succeeding of another queen, whom she interpreted to be me; regretting only, that by the said book it it was foretold, that the queen who must succeed you, should reign only three years, and should die like you by violence; which was represented even in painting upon the said book; of which there was a concluding leaf, containing something which she never chose to tell me. She knows

herself, that I always took this for pure folly; but she did lay her account well to be the principal lady with me; and also that my son should marry my niece Arebella.

At the close, I swear again all at once upon my faith and honour, that what is above is very true; and that such of it as concerns your honour, has never fallen from me with a design to give you pain by revealing it; and that it shall never be known from me, who considers it as very false. If I can have that happiness to speak with you, I will tell you more particularly the names, times, places, and other circumstances, to make you understand the truth, both of these things and of others, which I reserve till I shall be wholly assured of your friendship; which as I desire more than ever, so if I can obtain it this time, you have not a relation, friend, or even subject, more faithful and affectionate than I shall be to you. For God's sake rest assured of her, who is willing and able to serve you.

From my bed, forcing my arms and my pains, to satisfy you.

MARY, R.

Making allowance for those expressions, that are easily accounted for by Mary's wretched state of captivity and apprehension for the safety of her life, what a picture does this letter present us

with of the chaste Elizabeth; and how much more amiable does Mary appear amidst all her sorrows, than Elizabeth surrounded with all the splendours of a court.

How Mary passed the lonesome years of her imprisonment cannot now very well be ascertained; but there is reason to believe, that when her health and spirits permitted, she amused herself with composing verses in the French language, which, having been brought up in France from an early age, and being accustomed to correspond in that language, was more familiar to her than any other. Some of her effusions have been preserved, but as they would be unintelligible to the generality of readers, it is thought better to give here translations, or rather periphrases of them, in our own tongue.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I SIGH and lament me in vain;
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! they increase but my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.
Through the grates of my prison I see,
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart—how it pants to be free!
My looks—they are wild with despair!

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes:
Though fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be;
And, when I am cold in my tomb,
Some heart still shall sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;
O! Mary, prepare thee to die!
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

LAMENT

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

On the Approach of Spring.

[PERIPHRASED BY ROBERT BURNS.]

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daises white
Out o'er the grassy lea:

Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk white is the slae:
The meanest hind in all Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I the Queen of à Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wa'd blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer's suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

While Mary was endeavouring to beguile the sad hours of her imprisonment by compositions touching and affecting like these, the implacable

Elizabeth was devising new means to harass and torture her unhappy victim. We have a melancholy picture of the forlorn and desolate condition condition of Mary, once the adored Queen of France, and the loveliest princess in Christendom, in a letter which she addressed to Elizabeth, on receiving inteligence of Gowrie's conspiracy in Scotland. This letter breathes so true a spirit of the pathetic, and is so honourable to the memory of Mary, both as a queen and a mother, that we should do injustice to our readers, did we omit to insert it. It seems to have been Mary's last appeal to the conscience and to the humanity of Elizabeth; and it is to be noticed too, that it was written at a time when Mary was depressed with illness, and thought herself on the bed of death.

LETTER.

From Mary to Queen Elizabeth.

MADAM,

Upon that which has come to my knowledge, of the late conspiracies executed in Scotland against my poor child, having reason to fear the consequence of it from the example of myself, I must employ *the very small remainder of my life and strength, before my death,* to discharge my heart to you fully of my just and melancholy complaint;

of which I desire that this letter may serve you, as long as you live after me, for a perpetual testimony and engraving upon your conscience; as much for my discharge to posterity, as to the shame and confusion of all those, who, under your approbation, have so cruelly and unworthily treated me to this time, and reduced me to the extremity in which I am. But their designs, practices, actions, and proceedings, though as detestable as they could have been, have always prevailed with you against my very just remonstrances and sincere deportment; and as the power which you have in your hands, has always been a reason for you among mankind, I will have recourse to the living God, our only judge, who has established us equally and immediately under him, for the government of his people.

I will invoke him to the end of this my very pressing affliction, that he will return to you and me (as he will do in his last judgment) the share of our merits and demerits one towards the other. And remember, Madam, that to him we shall not be able to disguise any thing, by the paint and policy of this world; though mine enemies, under you, have been able for a time to cover their subtle inventions to men, perhaps to you.

In his name, and as before him sitting between you and me, I will remind you, that by the agents, spies, and secret messengers, sent in your

name into Scotland, while I was there, my subjects were corrupted, and encouraged to rebel against me; to make attempts upon my person, and, in one word, to speak, do, enterprise, and execute that which has come to the said country during my troubles. Of which I will not at present specify other proof, than that which I have gained of it by the confession of one, who was afterwards amongst those that were most advanced for this good service, and of the witnesses confronted with him. To whom if I had since done justice, he had not afterwards, by his ancient intelligences, renewed the same practices against my son; and had not procured for all my traitorous and rebellious subjects, who took refuge with you, that aid and support which they have had, even since my detention *on this side;* without which support, I think, the said traitors could not since have prevailed, nor afterwards stood out so long as they have done.

During my imprisonment at Lochleven, the late Throgmorton counselled me on your behalf, to sign that resignation which he advertised me would be presented to me; assuring me, that it could not be valid. And there was not afterwards a place in Christendom, where it was held valid or maintained, except on this side; even to having assisted with open force the authors of it. In your conscience, Madam, would you acknowledge

an equal power of liberty in your subjects? Notwithstanding this, my authority has been transferred to my son, when he was not capable of exercising it.

And since I was willing to assure it lawfully to him, he being of an age to be assisted to his own advantage, it is suddenly ravished from him, and assigned over to two or three traitors; who, having taken from him the effectiveness of it, will take from him, as they have from me, both the name and title of it, if he contradicts them in the manner he may, and perhaps his life, if God does not provide for his preservation.

When I was escaped from Lochleven, ready to give battle to my rebels, I remitted to you by a gentleman express a diamond jewel, which I had formerly received as a token from you, and with assurance to be succoured against my rebels; and even that, on my retiring towards you, you would come to the very frontiers in order to assist me; which had been confirmed to me by diverse messengers.

This promise coming, and repeatedly, from your mouth (though I had found myself often abused by your ministers) made me place such affiance on the effectiveness of it, that, when my army was routed, I came directly to throw myself into your arms, if I had been able to approach them. But while I was planning to set out and

find you, there I was arrested on my way, surrounded with guards, secured in strong places, and at last reduced, all shame set aside, to the captivity in which I remain to this day, after a thousand deaths which I have already suffered from it.

I know that you will alledge to me what passed between the late Duke of Norfolk and me. I maintain that there was nothing in this to your prejudice, or against the public good of this realm; and that the treaty was sanctioned with the advice and signatures of the first persons who were then of your council, under the assurance of making it appear good to you.

How could such personages have undertaken the enterprise, of making you consent to a point, which should deprive you of your life, of honour, and your crown, as you have shown yourself persuaded it would have done, to all the ambassadors and others who speak to you concerning me.

In the mean time my rebels perceiving, that their headlong course was carrying them much further than they had thought before, and the truth being evidenced concerning the calumnies, that had been propagated against me at the conference, to which I submitted in full assembly of your deputies and mine, with others of the contrary party in that country, in order to clear myself publicly of them; there were the principles, for

having come to repentance, besieged by your forces in the castle of Edinburgh, and one of the first among them poisoned, and the other most cruelly hanged; after I had two times made them lay down their arms, at your request, in hopes of an agreement, which God knows whether my enemies aimed at.

I have been for a long time trying whether patience could soften the rigour and ill treatment which they have begun for these ten years peculiarly to make me suffer. And accommodating myself exactly to the order prescribed me for my captivity in this house; as well in regard to the number and quality of attendants that I have, dismissing the others: as for my diet and ordinary exercise for my health, I am living at present as quiet and peaceably, as one much inferior to myself, and more obliged than with such treatment I was to you, had been able to do; even to deprive myself, in order to take away all shadow of suspicion and diffidence from you, of requiring to have some intelligence with my son and my country, which is what by no right or reason could be denied me, and principally with my child; whom, instead of this, they endeavoured every way to persuade against me, in order to weaken us by our division.

It was permitted me, you will say, to send one to visit him there about three years ago. His captivity then at Sterling, under the tyranny of Morton,

was the cause of it; as his liberty was afterwards, of a refusal to make the like visit. All this year past, I have several times entered into diverse overtures for the establishment of a good amity between us, and a sure understanding between these two realms in future. To Chatsworth, about ten years ago, commissioners were sent for that purpose. A treaty has been held upon it with yourself, by my ambassadors and those of France. I even myself made concerning it, the last winter, all the possible advantageous overtures to Beale,* that it was possible to make. What return have I had thence? My good intention has been despised, and the sincerity of my actions has been neglected and calumniated; the state of my affairs has been traversed by delays, postponings, and other such like artifices; and, in conclusion, a worse and more unworthy treatment from day to day, any thing which I am compelled to do in order to deserve the contrary, my very long, useless, and prejudicial patience, have reduced me so low, that mine enemies, in their habits of using me ill, think this day they have the right of prescription for treating me, not as a prisoner, which, in reason I could not be, but as some slave, whose life and whose death depended only on their tyranny.

* Clerk of the council to Elizabeth.

I cannot, Madam, suffer it any longer; and I must in dying discover the authors of my death, or living attempt, under your protection, to find an end to the cruelties, calumnies, and traitorous designs of my said enemies, in order to establish me in some more little repose for the remainder of my life. To take away the occasions for all differences between us, clear yourself, if you please, of all which has been reported to you concerning my actions; review the depositions of the strangers taken in Ireland; let those of the jesuits last executed be represented to you; give liberty to those who would undertake to charge me publicly, and permit me to enter upon my defence: if any evil be found in me, let me suffer it, it shall be patiently when I know the occasion of it; if any good, suffer me not to be worse treated for it, with your very great commission both before God and man.

The vilest criminals that are in your prisons, born under your obedience, are admitted to their justification; and their accusers, and their accusations, are always declared to them. Why, then, shall not the same order have place towards me, a sovereign queen, your nearest relation, and lawful heir? I think that this last circumstance has hitherto been on the side of my enemies, the principal cause of it and of all their calumnies, to make their unjust pretensions slide between the two,

by keeping us in division. But, alas! they have now little reason, and less need, to torment me more upon this account. For I protest to you, upon my honour, that I look this day for no kingdom, but that of my God, whom I see preparing me for the better conclusion of all my afflictions and adversities past.

This will be to you a monition to discharge your conscience towards my child, as to what belongs to him on this point after my death; and in the mean time let not prevail to his prejudice, the continual practices and secret conspiracies, which our enemies in this realm are making daily for the advancement of their said pretensions; labouring on the other side with our traitorous subjects in Scotland, by all the means which they can to hasten his ruin; of which I do not demand other better verification, than the charges given to your last deputies sent into Scotland, and what the said deputies have seditiously practised there, as I believe, without your knowledge, but with good and sufficient solicitation of the Earl my good neighbour at York.*

And on this point, Madam, by what right can it be maintained, that I, the mother of my child, am totally prohibited, not only from assisting him

* She means the Earl of Huntingdon.

in the necessity so urgent in which he is, but also from having any intelligence of his state? Who can bring him more carefulness, duty, and sincerity, than I? To whom can he be more dear? At the least, if sending to him to provide for his preservation, as the earl of Shrewsbury made me lately understand that you did, you had pleased to take my advice in the matter, you would have interposed with a better face, as I think, and with more obligingness to me. But consider what you lead me to think, when forgetting so suddenly the offences which you pretended to have taken against my son, at the time I was requesting you that we should send together to him, you have dispatched one to the place where he was a prisoner, not only without giving me advice of it, but debarring me at the very time from all liberty, that by no means whatever I might have any news of him.

But, Madam, with all this freedom of speech, which I can foresee will in some sort displease you, though it be the truth itself, you will find it more strange, I assure myself, that I come now to importune you again with a request of much greater importance, and yet very easy for you to grant and realize unto me. This is, that not having been able hitherto, by accommodating myself patiently so long a time to the rigorous treatment of this captivity, and carrying myself sincerely in all things, yea even to the least that could concern you

a very little, to gain myself some assurance of your good grace, or to give you by it some assurance of my entire affection towards you; all my hopes being taken away by it, of being better treated for the very short time which remains to me of life; I supplicate you by the honour of the sorrowful passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, again I supplicate you, at once to permit me to withdraw out of your realm, into some place of repose; to search out some comfort for my poor body, so wearied as it is with continued sorrows; and with liberty of my conscience to prepare my soul for God, who is calling for it daily.

Resume the ancient pledges of your good nature; bind your relations to yourself; give me the satisfaction before I die, that seeing all matters happily settled again between us, my soul, when delivered from this body, may not be constrained to display its lamentations before God, for the wrongs which you have suffered to be done to me here below; but rather, that being happily united to you, it may quit this captivity, to set forwards towards him, whom I pray to inspire you happily upon my very just, and more than reasonable complaints and grievances.

At Sheffield, this 28th of November, one thousand, five hundred, and eighty-two.

Your very disconsolate, nearest relation,
And affectionate cousin,
MARY, R.

This letter, which ought to have melted a heart of stone, produced no impression on the obdurate Elizabeth. After Mary had been tossed about from prison to prison, for the long space of eighteen years, she was at length brought to a trial, condemned, and sentenced to be beheaded for being concerned in a pretended conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth. This sentence was carried into execution, at Fotheringay castle, on the 8th of February, 1587. The circumstances attending her death, as related by various historians, were as follows.—On the day preceding her execution, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, Elizabeth's commissioners, arrived at her prison, demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for her execution, and required her to prepare herself to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "that soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot. And laying her hand on a bible which happened to be near her, she made a solemn declaration of her innocence.

Her attendants, during this scene, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind herself, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked heaven that her sufferings now were so near at an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and firmness. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet; and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high sheriff, and his officers, entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulett's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck, her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs stood the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neigh-

bouring counties; and there sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such mournful tidings into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son, tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered

countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. The warrant for her execution was read with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied with other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join in the other; and kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign for Elizabeth.—She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood, and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive me my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she said, with a smile, "that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets." With a calm, but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block,

and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up, yet streaming with blood; and the dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," the Earl of Kent alone answered, "Amen."—The rest of the spectators continued silent and drowned in tears, being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

Thus perished Mary, Queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the bloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the North,
The wood glows yellow by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

But ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the song of love,
The songs of love, of innocence, and joy.

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
And by the moon, full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride maids at the dance are seen.

But who those nymphs that thro' the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of th' aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan Goddess of the Bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowering mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallowed strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

" By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
" Tis Mary's guardian genius lost in woe:
" Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
" To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow!

" O stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
" Your solemn rights: here comes no foot profane:
" The Muse's son, and hallowed is his eye,
" Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

" See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies;
" Alas! what faultering sounds of woe be these!
" Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
" O say, what music will her soul appease?"

" Resound the solemn dirge," the nymphs reply,
" And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower,
" Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
" And melancholy wake her melting power.

" For Art has triumph'd; Art, that never stood
" On Honour's side, or generous transport knew,
" Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
" And o'er her frame has breath'd its blighting dew.

" But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits, come,
" And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
" While in this hallowed grove we raise the tomb,
" And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

" O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
" Her's every charm, and every liveliest grace;
" When Nature's happiest touch could add no more,
" Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

" Oh! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
" Where from the oak depends the missletoe,
" Where creeping ivy shades the druid's cell,
" Where from the rock the gurgling water's flow;

" Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
" You thro' the haunted dales of Mona glide,
" Or brush the upland lea, where Cynthia sheds
" Her silvery light on Snowdon's hoary side:

" Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
" By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty come;
" Unbind the festive robe, unbind the hair,
" And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

" And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,"
The mournful lady of the chorus cry'd,
" Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
" And thro' this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide.

" And let the song with solemn harping join'd,
" And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe."
She spoke, and waking thro' the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began ; " How bright her early morn !
" What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
" To wield the awful British sceptres born,
" And Gaul's young heir her bridal bed ascends.

" See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
" The little Loves their purple wings display ;
" When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare,
" Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

" Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,
" Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan ;
" The bridal bed the sable herse succeeds.
" And struggling factions shake her native throne.

" No more a goddess in the swimming dance
" Mayst thou, O queen, thy lovely form display ;
" No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
" Nor in Versaille's proud bowers outshine the day.

" A nation stern and stubborn to command,
" And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest rage,
" Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
" And asks a bridle from thy tender age.

" Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
" Far from her hearth was seen to speed away ;
" Straight dark-brow'd factions entering in destroy
" The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

" No more by moon shine to the nuptial bower
" Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led;
" For other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,
" Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

" Ah! draw the veil," shrill trembles thro' the air:
The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears
Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the plowman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest fields.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen all tears is seen to fly;
Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the fatal scene,
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen
The lovely injured fugitive relies.

When wisdom baffled owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free:
Some friend appears, and breaks affliction's chain,
But ah! no generous friend appears for thee.

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past ;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend!
" Ah ! cease to tell it in the female ear ;
" A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !
" O generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear !

" And could, O Tudor, could thy breast retain
" No softening thoughts of what thy woes had been,
" When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain,
" Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen ?

" And could no pang from tender memory wake,
" And feel those woes that once had been thine own ;
" No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
" For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne ?

" Alas ! no pleading pang thy memory knew,
" Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd ;
" Dark politics alone engaged thy view ;
" With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

" And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command ?
" Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
" No:——Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
" And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed

" The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
" When first thy woful captive hours began,
" Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary ! set thee free,
" That babe to battle march'd in arms a man."

A nawful pause ensues——With speaking eyes,
And hands half raised the guardian wood nymphs wait
While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen,
She smiles on heaven, and bows the injur'd head;
The ax is lifted ——From the dreadful scene,
The guardian turn'd, and all the picture fled.

It fled: the wood nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As wrapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes,
So when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Luma's maid when by the God inspir'd;
" The depths of ages to my sight unfold,"
She cries, " and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

" On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
" Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd
" With sovereign pride, where ever roars the main,
" Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

" Nor in their Britain shall they reign alone,
" Age after age through lengthening time shall see,
" Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
" And Goths and Vandals bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die ;
" I see her death scene——On the lonely floor,
" Dreary she sits, cold grief has glass'd her eye,
" And anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more.

But hark !—loud howling thro' the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd and sends her baleful yell !
Oh ! save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb,
Oh ! save her ashes from the blasting spell :

" And see where Time with brightened face serene,
" Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;
" See Truth walk forth, majestic, awful queen,
" And Party's blackening mists before her fly.

" Falsehood unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train,
" And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine——
" Yes, thou hast friends——the goodlike and humane
" Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine."

The milky splendors of the dawning ray
Now thro' the groves a trembling radiance shed,
With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

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